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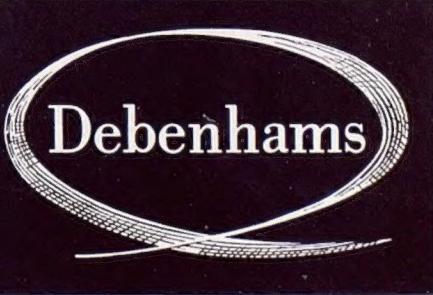
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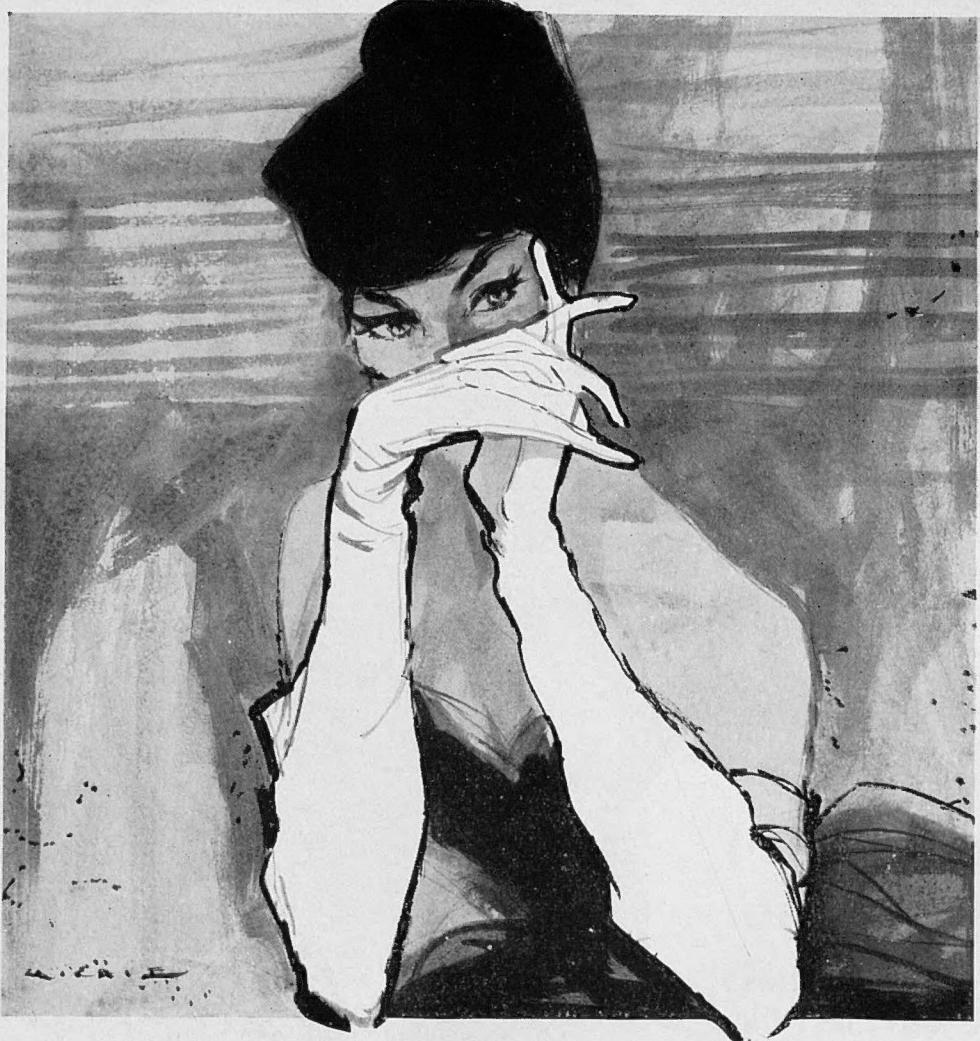
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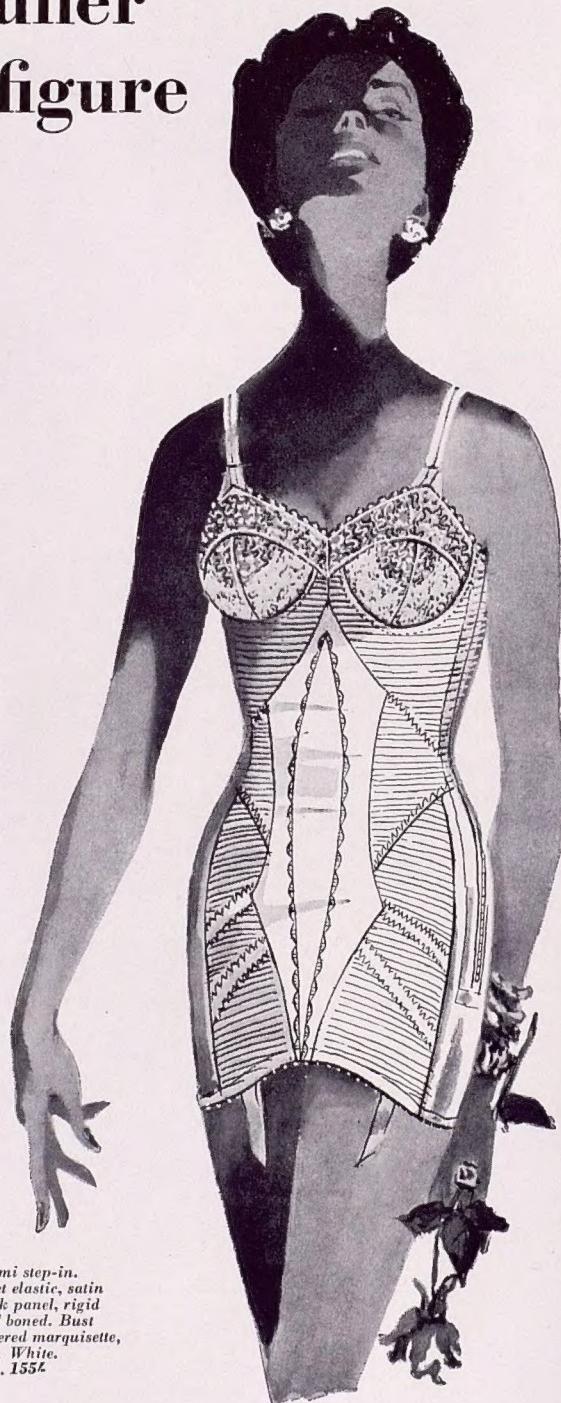
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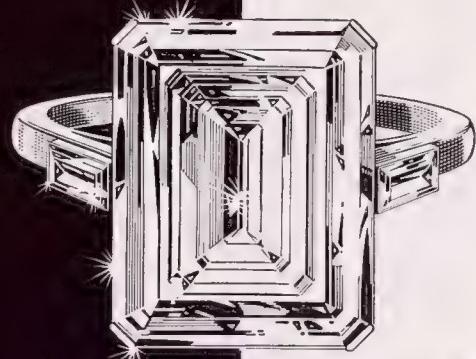
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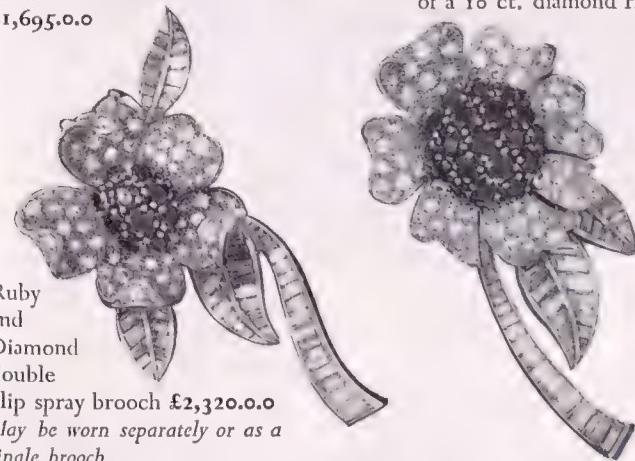
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3063

11 MAY 1960

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Royal Wedding Souvenir

GREETINGS TO BRIDE & GROOM



Part of Annigoni's portrait of Princess Margaret, painted for her in 1957-8. Two earlier royal portraits by Annigoni—of the Queen and Prince Philip—were commissioned by the Fishmongers Company and now hang in the Fishmongers Hall in the City

WITH this issue THE TATLER wishes happiness to Princess Margaret & her bridegroom Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. It is a souvenir issue of the royal wedding and a special section (page 337 onwards) records the ceremony and the people at the Abbey. The coat-of-arms, reproduced by courtesy of the King George's Jubilee Trust, is the actual version used for the official programme, which the Trust produced. . . . Among the portraits of the royal couple, the bridegroom's own colour photograph of the bride (taken for her 29th birthday last year) is included (page 348), along with an appraisal of *The Art of Tony Armstrong-Jones*. In this, some of his photographs are looked at by Hugo Charteris, who besides being a novelist is about as professional with a camera as an amateur can be. . . . Incidentally the name Jones is distinguished enough in history to need no hyphenating, or so Mark Bence-Jones, admittedly an interested party, asserts on page 332. . . . The wedding ceremony was of course conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the few occasions when he can make a public appearance without arousing controversy. He was photographed at Canterbury by Lewis Morley a few days previously and Ronald Blythe has written an article that takes some fresh bearings on *The Cruel See* (page 330). . . . A souvenir issue like this would be incomplete without a reminder of the bride's childhood, but this has a twist: all the pictures are of the bride at other people's weddings (page 334). Nowadays every big royal occasion ends with an appearance on the Palace balcony and this one was no exception. *Pageant on a balcony* (page 321) is a pictorial record of some historic appearances, delightfully evoked by Hector Bolitho. . . . There could be one social side-effect of the wedding, and Henry Awbry asks (page 336): *Is this the beginning of the end for the grey topper and cutaway coat?* The answer will be of acute interest to Moss Bros. who happen to be celebrating their centenary today. . . . The question doesn't arise for women who will always make weddings an excuse for a new outfit. Duthy has sketched some of the guests *Dressed for the Abbey* (page 327). . . .

Many features and picture reports have had to be held out of this issue, but room has been found for the private view of the Royal Academy (page 355). The popular Verdicts are also included (page 358 onwards).

Next week:

Bring back the cane! (No, it's not what you think). . . .
London's social-climbing districts. . . .



Going Places

SOCIAL

Floral Luncheon, Savoy, 20 May, in aid of Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. Particulars and tickets (£2 10s.) from organizer, 35 Thurloe St., S.W.7. (KEN 6663.)

Ocean Wave Ball, Savoy, 23 May, in aid of British Sailors' Society. Tickets: 3 gns. from Miss B. Nisbet, B.S.S., 36 King's Rd., S.W.3. (KNI 5108.)

Chelsea Flower Show, Chelsea Hospital, Private View 24 May, Opening 25 May.

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: South Africans meet Oxford University, today, to 13 May; Essex

(Ilford), 14, 16, 17 May; **Cambridge University**, 18-20 May; **M.C.C.** (Lord's), 21, 23, 24 May; **Northants** (Northampton), 25-27 May; **Notts** (Trent Bridge), 28, 30, 31 May.

Golf: **Curtis Cup**, Great Britain v. U.S.A., Lindrick, Notts, 20, 21 May.

Motor Racing: International T.T. meeting, Silverstone, 14 May.

Flying: Channel Islands Air Rally, Jersey, 13 May.

Rugby: Rugby League Cup Final, Wembley, 14 May.

Army Three-Day Horse Trials, Tidworth, 13-15 May. (Ball at Tidworth House, 14 May.)

Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor, 12-14 May.

Aldershot Horse Show & Tattoo, Rushmoor, 18 May.

MUSICAL

Bath Festival, 18-28 May.

Royal Opera, Covent Garden. *The Trojans* (last performance), 6 p.m., 13 May; *Il Barbiere Di Siviglia* (first performance), 7.30 p.m., 16 May; *Aida*, 7 p.m., 20 May. (COV 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall, Verdi's *Requiem*, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & chorus, 8 p.m., 18 May. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, nr. Aylesbury. French & German Songs, 7 p.m., 15 May. (MAY 5091.)

Sadler's Wells, *Orpheus In The Underworld* (Offenbach). Four week season from 16 May. 7.30 p.m., Saturdays, 2.30 p.m. (TER 1672-3.)

ART

Austrian Painting & Sculpture 1900 to 1960, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Sq., S.W.1.

New Paintings by Michael Wishart, Louis James & Theyre Lee-Elliott, Redfern Gallery, Cork St., W.1.

Bryan Senior (paintings), Temple Gallery, Sloane St., S.W.1.

FRENCH SEASON EVENTS

"**La Ronde Des Heures**," *son et lumière* spectacle of the life of Paris. Royal Exchange, to 20 May.

Flowers, birds & animals by contemporary French artists, Tryon Gallery, Dover St. To 14 May.

FAIR

Chelsea Spring Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall. To 21 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 358.

A Passage To India. ". . . genuine theatrical pleasure . . . an exciting play . . . the crucial scene is particularly successful." Norman Wooland, Zia Mohyeddin, Dilys Hamlett, Enid Lorimer. (Comedy Theatre, W.H. 2578.)

The Amorous Prawn. ". . . a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing . . . the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Stanley Baxter, Hugh McDermott. (Saville Theatre, TEM 4011.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 360.

G.R. = General release. **Sink The Bismarck!** ". . . admirably scripted, directed & acted . . . mounting excitement effectively sustained to the end." Kenneth More, Dana Wynter, Esmond Knight. (Rialto, GER 3488, and G.R.)

Gigi. ". . . two hours of ravishing entertainment." Maurice Chevalier, Leslie Caron. (Ritz, GER 1234.)

All food is cooked to order, and you can watch the chef at work. Steaks and escalopes are good, so are the vegetables. Omelettes are excellent. Useful for anyone living on a budget, for you can have an adequate, well-cooked meal for 10s. or less. Unlicensed.

Floris, Brewer Street, off Shaftesbury Avenue. C.S. (GEN 5421). Open 10 a.m.-5.45 p.m. Another (but much smaller) restaurant that extends a particular welcome to women. The name Floris is famous for chocolate, *pâtisserie* and bread. The restaurant, which is Madame Floris's especial care, maintains the same standard. Its guiding principle is specialization.

Debry Fils, 191 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 2733.) Though this restaurant, established 64 years ago, serves luncheons, dinners and light suppers, it is best known for its *pâtisserie*. The *gâteau* made with kirsch is something special. Open until 11 p.m. and is a pleasant place for those who do not enjoy *espresso* bars.

The Carvery, Regent Palace Hotel. (REG 7000.) Open Monday-Saturday 12.15-2.30 p.m. and Monday-Friday evenings inclusive 5.30-8.00 p.m. C.S. Here you carve for yourself from a selection of top quality joints. The other two courses, in a

meal that costs 12s. 6d. at lunchtime and, with certain additional dishes, 15s. in the evening, are excellent. This was a bold experiment which has paid off. The vegetables are among the best-cooked in London, and the small wine list is well chosen. W.B.

L'Arc en Ciel, 21 Bute Street, off Harrington Road, S. Kensington. C.S. (KNI 8748.) This is the type of small restaurant you can find much more easily in Paris than in London, with a hard core of "regulars" who know the excellence of its cooking. The *patron* serves you himself. The cooking is Franco-Italian, with a touch of Greek, and the omelette and tournedo *maison* are outstanding. Unlicensed, but a good "sending out" list, including an interesting dry white wine, a 1952 Steinwein from Chile. W.B.

Crayfish In the Bocage

Loué Hotel, Ricordeau. Turn westwards at Le Mans on to N 157 and in about 18 miles branch left on to D 21. A small (17 rooms), spotless and comfortable country hotel with admirable service and outstanding cooking. Specialities include *Terrine de Volaille*, crayfish and *Poulet poêlé crème et morilles*. Michelin gives it two rosettes, a high but deserved honour for a country restaurant.



by JOHN
BAKER
WHITE

maintaining its standards over a long period, it has encouraged many regulars. The Italian wines including a white Valtellina are particularly well chosen. The *jambon de Parme* and the *osso-buco* are usually particularly good. W.B.

Chez Ciccio, 38 Kensington Church Street. (WES 2005). W.B. This restaurant is well known far beyond the confines of Kensington. Its menu is international and its standard of cooking consistently good. It does sometimes get a bit too full for my liking, but that is not the fault of the management.

Renards, 87 Walton Street, S.W.3. (KEN 8526). C.S. This bright, functional coffee bar-restaurant is now open from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m.

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

Le Rouge et le Noir, Pelham Street, South Kensington. (KEN 0780). C.S. Small, plainly but adequately furnished in black and red, it is very popular, and to go on chance in the evenings may lead to disappointment. The menu is limited but the cooking really good. Full marks for the *pâté* and *caneton à l'orange* and the special sweet omelette. There is a club licence for wines—or take your own. Open until 11.30 p.m. The guitar music is almost continuous, but restrained. W.B.

La Speranza, 179 Old Brompton Road. (KEN 9437). This restaurant is often full on Monday evenings, a pointer to its popularity. By

Raymond says

“The distinctive touch of the artist

is as apparent in *haute coiffure*, madame,

as it is in *haute couture* — or, for that matter, in any other form of creative expression.

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to the discerning eye. A flick of inspiration,

an elegance, a rightness, a touch of tomorrow

rather than of today . . .

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GOING PLACES CONTINUED

Tangier for a honeymoon

by DOONE BEAL

WOULD Tangier, a reader wrote to ask me, make a suitable place to take a four-year-old for a holiday? My answer was an emphatic negative. Tangier is for honeymooners, sophisticates and adventurers. Not for the tots! The main beach is enormous but I couldn't honestly recommend it for fastidious parents.

Honeymoons being on not a few minds at the moment, I especially commend Tangier because it is gay, still exotic with a faint whiff of vice. And, compared with other casino cities, it is not expensive—though not quite as cheap as it was in its old, international days. As from April this year, the Moroccan franc is the only official currency and nobody quite knows how that will affect prices.

Though the city borders a beach, the best swimming is a few miles away, either at Robinsons or Cape Spartel (this has a 15-mile stretch of Atlantic beach, with a coast road running behind it). Quite close to Cape Spartel, at Donabo, is a luxuriously primitive establishment called Eden Beach. Paradoxically, it is a salt water swimming pool a few hundred yards above the beach on a beautiful and rocky part of the coast, set in wild gardens of woods and shrubs. It has an open barbecue—*kebabs* are cooked to taste—and dancing in the evening.

In the city itself, with its heady mixture of scents and smells, you can watch the snake charmers in the Palace gardens, and argue the toss as to whether the charmers are immune to the poison, or the snakes have no fangs left. You can wander, too, in the *souk*, assailed by a variety of salesmanship: a veiled old woman with live hens slung up by the heels, a dark-eyed little boy with a baby kid, and the ubiquitous leather and brass dealers—all at the same time. And yet, in spite of a mischievously shameless instinct to rook or beg from every passing visitor, one could certainly not dismiss the *souk* and the Casbah as traps for innocent tourists. Their essential secretiveness belongs to another age, another race and century. The poverty and squalor side by side with luxury hotels might trouble the sociologists, rightly perhaps, but so far as the tourist is concerned, it is exactly this mixture of the old and primitive with the most contemporary luxury which gives Tangier its glamour.

Of the hotels, the most recently decorated is the Rif, on the main beach. It has a swimming pool set in a beautifully landscaped garden which at night is lit up with fairy lights and opens up from the bar. There is dancing on the patio and the food is excellent. The Minzah is more traditionally Moorish in its décor and mood, with glorious gardens. I like the Velasquez, on the main boulevard (also renowned for its food), and from the point of view of its situation, the Grand. All of these hotels have at least some rooms looking over the harbour. The Hermitage, listed only as 'B' category, is acknowledged by the knowing to have the best food of the whole lot, and also has some comfortable rooms. It is a small family concern run by French people, in an unspectacular part of the town, and its rates are modest.

One bandies the words town and city, but Tangier is virtually a village, at least so far as the European life is concerned. Heart and kernel of this community is Dean's Bar, within whose twenty square feet one listens to hair-raising local scandal and observes both the shady and the glossy at play. It is vastly entertaining.

Night clubs range from the kind where you drink mint tea, watch the gyrating belly dancers, and listen to the queer, atonal music (of which enough can be enough), through the spicier establishments who put on female impersonators, to the small, dim waterfront bars complete with Flamenco singer. In a single evening, expect to take in a bit of all three, ending up in the casino. I am particularly fond of this casino, because one can gamble from a mere 200 francs up to the skies, and nobody seems to care which.

If you motor down to Gibraltar, you can take your car over the Straits on the ferry. Otherwise, if you fly, I recommend booking to Gibraltar (£30 10s. for the mid-week night flight return), and then taking a separate ticket on to Tangier (£3 16s. return). London/Gibraltar is a cabotage route, and you save £20 as against the London/Tangier ticket, which is charged at the international rate. Remember, too, the financial fruits of a little duty-free shopping in Gibraltar, on your way.

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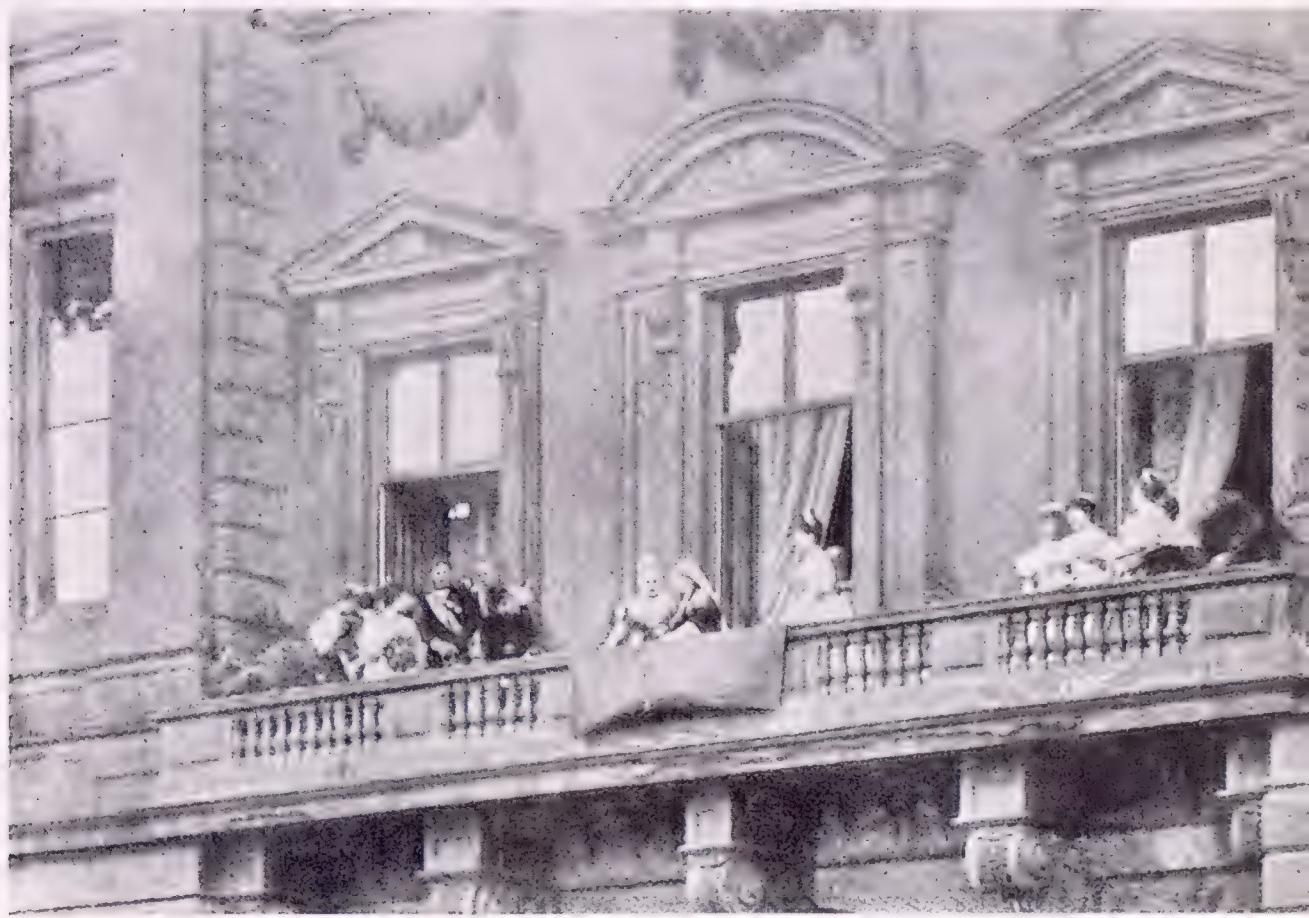


THE TATLER & BYSTANDER
11 MAY 1960

THREE are a few buildings in London at which we glance as we pass; not for their architectural beauty, but because of something more emotional than stone can provoke. With Buckingham Palace it is the balcony that comes alive. Even when it is empty, with the shutters closed and no royal standard catching the breeze, we are inclined to look up and remember some occasion, of happiness or valour, when the sovereign has stood behind the balustrade and the folds of velvet to wave to the crowd.

The east front of the palace and the balcony we see today were not there when Queen Victoria moved in during the summer of 1837, but ten years later there were five children in the nursery: the Queen wrote, '*our little family is growing fast*,' and she decided to enlarge the palace. So the Marble Arch was moved and the east front was built, with the balcony.*

The romance of the balcony seems to begin on February 28, 1854, when Queen Victoria went out at 7 o'clock in the morning to see the last battalion of the Scots Fusiliers leave for the Crimea. There were no press photographers then, and there is not even a pencil sketch



WEDDING DAY OF KING GEORGE V & QUEEN MARY, 1893

Pageant on the BALCONY

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

of the scene. But the Queen described it in a letter to the King of the Belgians. She wrote: '*We stood on the balcony to see them—the morning fine, the sun rising over the towers of old Westminster Abbey—and an immense crowd collected to see these fine men, and cheering them.*' Then, '*They cheered us very heartily, and went off cheering. It was a touching and beautiful sight. . . . My best wishes and prayers will be with them all.*'

But there is one picture of the Queen on the balcony, drawn in July 1893, after the marriage of Prince George, Duke of York, to Princess May. The Queen was 74 years old, 'a little old lady leaning heavily on a stick.' She suddenly announced, after the wedding feast was over and the bride and bridegroom were leaving, that she wished

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

* The addition was ugly as a barracks and remained so until 1913, when the present front was added, still bereft of imagination, but still with the balcony for Londoners to glance at on their way home.

Pageant on the BALCONY

CONTINUED



WEDDING DAY OF KING GEORGE VI & QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1923

to go on to the balcony to see them. It was a grand, but also a human scene that the Queen shared with the crowd below. There was a 'shower of slippers' as the carriage passed round the Quadrangle, and a shower of rice as they drove into the Mall.

Queen Victoria stood there for some time, with Princess May's mother and father beside her. The picture does not show the gesture the Queen made but next day the Duchess of Teck wrote to her daughter, '*The dear Queen was perfectly angelic & held Papa's hand all the time, while on the balcony.*'

There is a lot of nonsense written about royal marriages. Edward IV, Henry VIII and James II married 'commoners.' As early as October 1870, when Princess Louise was engaged to the Marquess of Lorne, Queen Victoria wrote that '*a person of distinction*' in England was '*really no lower in rank than a minor German royalty.*' She thought 'Great alliances' were '*only a source of worry and difficulty,*' adding, '*as my own experience has taught me.*' Queen Victoria

SILVER JUBILEE OF KING GEORGE V & QUEEN MARY, 1935



was remarkably aware of the pattern we now take for granted: she even anticipated the day when her descendants would 'spread and settle in the colonies.' And she would have approved, with delight, the marriage of the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, after which the bride and bridegroom appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. They were at the beginning of a family life of which their elder daughter said, many years later, "*The sun always seemed to be shining.*"

When she was nine years old Princess Elizabeth stood on the balcony, between King George V & Queen Mary who were celebrating their silver jubilee. Princess Margaret was still so small that only her forehead appeared above the balustrade; her forehead, but also her waving hand. The day was 6 May, 1935. On the way from Windsor, an old friend who was driving with the King said, "*Sir, they have prepared a jolly for you that you will never forget.*" It was true: the Jubilee service in St. Paul's had been the tribute to his

quiet achievement: the 'jolly' came when he drove through the poorer streets of London, hung with flags and streamers, and when he appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace to be greeted by a wave of cheering that broke through his curious modesty and astonished him. He remarked, afterwards: "*I'd no idea they felt like that about me. I am beginning to think they must really like me for myself.*"

Eight months later, George V's life moved 'peacefully to its close' and Edward VIII became King; but he never stood, crowned, on the balcony.

On 12 May, 1937, less than an hour after they had returned from the Abbey from their Coronation, King George VI & Queen Elizabeth appeared there. The trembling ocean of people below waited, late into the night. The King & Queen had to appear five times before the thousands left the palace railings and went home. Once, during the afternoon, Queen Mary appeared also, with her son,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



VE-DAY, WITH WINSTON CHURCHILL, 1945

CORONATION OF KING GEORGE VI & QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1937



Pageant on the BALCONY

CONTINUED

Something of the authority of a matriarch had come to her: she was the last keeper of a mysterious quality in monarchy the mid-20th century would not comprehend. The people cheered her, separately: they saw her raise her right hand and, at the same time, rest her left hand on the arm of the King and speak to him. In the dense crowd by the railings was an old, deaf soldier, who could lip-read. He turned to a friend beside him and said, "*I can tell you what she was saying. She said, 'It is not for me that they are cheering, but for you, my son!'*"

The balcony was not hurt in World War II. It survived though the palace was bombed and the Chapel was wrecked. Sir Winston Churchill has written of his weekly lunches with the King & Queen,



WEDDING DAY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II & PRINCE PHILIP, 1947

of the times they had to grab their plates and go below during an air raid. He also made perhaps the greatest and simplest comment on King George VI & Queen Elizabeth and their effect on London during the bombing when he said: "Yes, they have the rare talent of being able to make a mass of people realize, in a flash, that they are good." It was suitable and splendid to see him standing between them on the evening of VE-Day, with their elder daughter in uniform and Princess Margaret, who now adds her touch of romance to the story of the balcony. The black-out screen behind them, in place of the sparkling glass doors, makes the picture the more significant.

On 18 November, 1947, Queen Mary went to an evening party at Buckingham Palace: she wrote afterwards, 'Saw many old friends. I stood from 9.30 till 12.15 a.m. !!! not bad for 80.' Two days later she stood, but to one side, on the balcony after the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Prince Philip. The photograph shows us three generations: Queen Mary, who could remember back to the days of Disraeli and Gladstone; her son, already ill and half-spent, and her

granddaughter on the threshold of her own happiness. The balcony had become the symbol of the continuity that Queen Mary remembered.

We come to the photographs even the young will recognize. On 26 April, 1948, King George VI & Queen Elizabeth celebrated their Silver Wedding and they appeared on the balcony in the floodlights. The telescopic lens was triumphant and it revealed not only the group on the balcony, but a faint suggestion of the scene within the Palace. The Duke of Windsor has written: '*Kings and Queens are only secondarily fathers and mothers.*' This has been true of almost every dynasty since monarchy was created. But it was no longer true in 1948. This photograph of the King on the day of his Silver Wedding seems to be the most delightful of them all, for it reveals the happiness of two human beings, in terms of our own lives . . . free of the dark inheritance of royal family history.

The first photograph of the Queen on the balcony was taken after the State Opening of Parliament in November, 1952. The second

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



CORONATION OF THE QUEEN, 1953

SILVER WEDDING OF KING GEORGE VI & QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1948

Pageant on the BALCONY

CONTINUED

is of the day in June 1953 when the Queen was crowned. I was in the Abbey for the service and I remember—being a bit of a romantic—that while I was waiting I threw my thoughts back 394 years to the day when the first Elizabeth was crowned. She had paused on the way to say to the people at Cheapside: ‘*Be sure I will be as good unto you as ever Queen has been to her people. . . Persuade yourselves that for the safety and quietness of you all, I will not spare, if need be, to spend my blood.*’ Our modern sovereigns live less dangerously and less romantically. And we, their subjects, have become inhibited and genteel in a way the first Elizabethans would scorn. But the thousands of people watching the Queen on the balcony after her Coronation forgot their inhibitions. I was there in time to hear their cheering rise, in a splendid storm.

So the next chapter in the history of the balcony began. And last Friday the Queen stepped out again between the sparkling glass doors, but this time to take second place and allow her sister, Princess Margaret, to enjoy her day and her hour, standing on the balcony where her great-grandmother stood 67 years ago. It was a scene of living history.



Dressed for the Abbey

Fashion points among the royal wedding

guests, noticed by the fashion editor,

Maureen Williamson, and drawn by

Xanthus



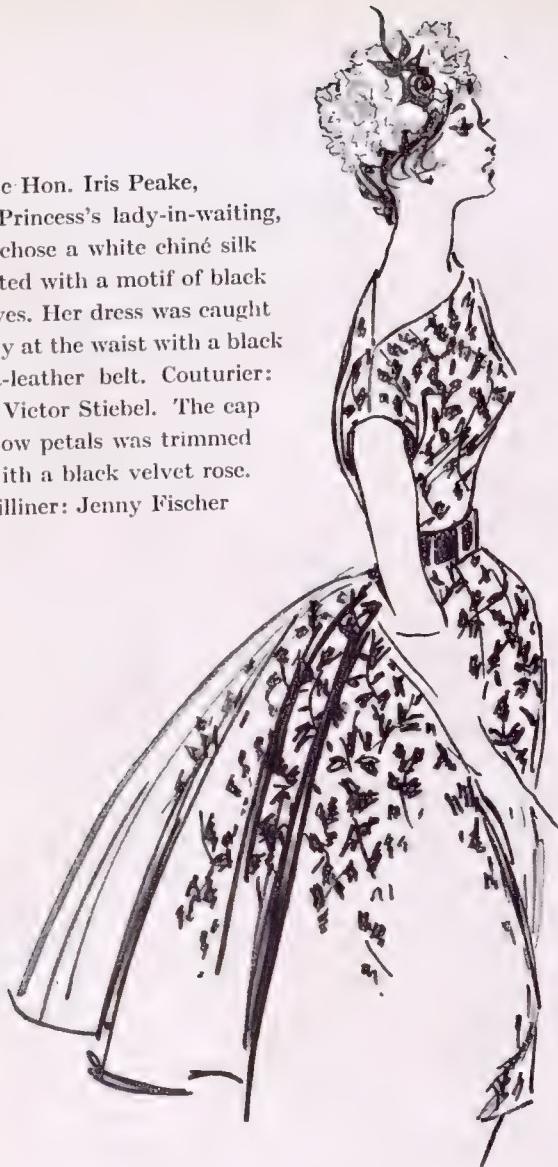
The Countess of Dalkeith wore
écru re-embroidered lace, the neck
outlined with toning satin which was also used to cover the belt.
Couturier: Victor Stiebel. The Breton
hat was made of écru-coloured tulle. Milliner: Simone Mirman

Rich pure-silk prints and featherweight swathed tulle hats
were seen in abundance. The Hon. Lady Eccles, wife of Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education,
wore one of them—a navy and black “doodle” print silk with a white
ground. The full coat was lined with white silk. Couturier: Mattli. Her
high ribbon-velvet banded turban of navy tulle drew much
admiration. Milliner: Simone Mirman

The Hon. Iris Peake,
the Princess's lady-in-waiting,
chose a white chiné silk
printed with a motif of black
leaves. Her dress was caught
lightly at the waist with a black
patent-leather belt. Couturier:

Victor Stiebel. The cap
of yellow petals was trimmed
with a black velvet rose.

Milliner: Jenny Fischer



The Countess of Drogheda's
magnificent coat of peacock-blue wild
silk with a ranch-mink collar
was worn over a chiné silk dress
printed with huge blue and smoke-
grey roses. Couturier: Victor
Stiebel. Her close-fitting hat was
made of ruched blue chenille veiling.
Milliner: Simone Mirman

The Duchess of Fife's dress of silk
paper-taffeta had an overall abstract
design of lupin blues, with well-
defined waist and full skirt tapering
to the hem. Couturier: Ronald
Paterson. The high turban was
made of toning swathed blue tulle.
Milliner: Jenny Fischer

*Dressed for
the Abbey*

CONTINUED

*... and two from the Queen's evening reception
at Buckingham Palace*

Mrs. Frank Mackenzie Ross,
wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of British
Columbia, looked striking in this
ball dress of green satin with lavish
gold passementerie and
paillette embroidery. Couturier: Worth

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Legh, whose husband
is Private Secretary to Princess Margaret,
wore for the Reception at the Palace on the
Wednesday before the wedding a
fashionable above-the-ankle evening dress of
gaily printed floral ottoman
silk. Rose, yellow and green were the
predominant colours. Couturier: Mattli





He was 73 the day before he conducted the marriage service in the Abbey. He is the 99th Archbishop of Canterbury. He has lately passed the landmark of 15 years heading

the cruel see

BY RONALD BLYTHE

THE SEE OF CANTERBURY HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST VIOLATED AND outraged positions in British history. Whoever holds it remains today, in between the great State ceremonials like the royal wedding, a target for unremitting criticism and abuse. The odd circumstance that the Church of England is established as the State church, with the Sovereign as its head, provides even atheists with a valid excuse for putting a spoke in from time to time. There is also the unique position of the Church of England as moral leader of Protestantism in the English-speaking world, which of course involves the Archbishop, as the clerical head, in the politics of a world religion. It is a cruel see, cruel in its demands. But for Geoffrey Francis Fisher, the 99th incumbent, there was a circumstance of extra sharpness: he followed Dr. William Temple, a towering figure who could be said to have possessed a spiritual genius for the age of social revolution and Cold War. And yet, 15 years later, Dr. Fisher emerges with a personal authority that is becoming universally acknowledged.

Today the Church's stand in South Africa takes its lead from Lambeth. On moral questions, such as capital punishment, spiritual healing or the Wolfenden Report, Dr. Fisher has been embarrassingly in the van of the most informed reformers. And in a nation which puts its pageantry only this side idolatry, the Archbishop has revealed a marvellous gift for the great occasion.

There were moments during the Coronation when he and the young Queen attained the remote majesty of two glittering figures in a Byzantine mosaic. (Though it must be added that the Archbishop, unlike the late Lord Lang, has no conscious sense of theatre, and the splendid effect he lends to high functions is the unpremeditated by-product of his totally unaffected sincerity.) His comprehension of the Anglican rubric is pure and scrupulous and the result would have enchanted Laud, who died on the scaffold for this very thing. Foreigners half-expected the televised Coronation Service to be like a superior version of the Changing of the Guard; instead they found themselves deep in the heart of a profound religious experience. France and America in particular, two republics with pronounced schizophrenic capacities for monarchical emotions, were staggered by

the spiritual impact of this great rite. The occasion was of great importance in Dr. Fisher's career for as he led the Queen forth for recognition it was his moment of recognition too.

Dr. Fisher was born in the year of the Golden Jubilee, the youngest son of a Warwickshire country clergyman. His years at Oxford reflected the orthodox brilliance of a future bishop and in 1914, when he was only 27, he became the Headmaster of Repton. This academic start to life was happily consolidated by his marriage to Rosamond Forman, granddaughter of a previous Repton headmaster and a woman of striking ability and strength of character. When this amiably stern schoolmaster eventually and predictably left his seat in the school chapel for a bishop's throne he went to Chester. William Temple was then Archbishop of York and the white hope of a Church whose popularity was in low water after the disillusionment that affected all classes of society in the years following the Armistice. The new Bishop of Chester must have studied the remarkable flexibility of Archbishop Temple and admired the way he bent the stodgy edifice of the super-respectable Victorian churchgoer until it once more became the centre of real worship. Certainly he felt, in 1942, when Temple was translated to Canterbury, that the hour had produced the man in the spiritual sense, as it had at Number Ten in the political sense.

Dr. Fisher by then was Bishop of London. With the robust Dr. Garbett at York there could be no thought or suggestion of further preferment. Then, in 1945, the two great leaders of the country were swept away, Churchill in the Labour landslide and Archbishop Temple by premature death. And Dr. Fisher—whose position was not unlike that of Robert of Dover when he had to succeed Becket—found himself unexpectedly at Canterbury.

The See of Canterbury is no Trolloppian sinecure. It is one of the great religious eminences of the world and whoever occupies it needs the administrative skill of a cabinet minister combined with the tact and forbearance of a saint. When Dr. Fisher spoke in the Lords there were comments about "interfering." There were those who thought of the Archbishop as some kind of magnificent pageant-master and who took exception to his comments on contemporary affairs. These were the critics who had forgotten—if they ever knew it—that Magna Carta, though forced on King John by his nobles, was actually written by an Archbishop of Canterbury—Stephen Langton—and that it is these very same principles which a 20th-century Archbishop is having to support, in the name of God and humanity, in Capetown at this moment. On the other side were those who demanded: "Why doesn't the Archbishop give a lead . . . ?" This one was much-repeated by those who believe that religion has something to do with community hymn-singing in Harringay Arena. And then there are those who use "Establishment" as some kind of dirty word, ignorant of the secular importance of the Church (for even at this, its most mundane level, the Church has contributed more to the cultural heritage of the country than any other single institution).

Dr. Fisher has more than once invited criticism by the seeming recklessness of his asides. With his "Adultery should be a crime" a storm was raised. But the Archbishop refused either to retract or explain. If social evils were to be measured by the harm they did to the innocent, then adultery was worse than many things listed in the Statute Book. If the Archbishop has done nothing more than make people remember this he has done something, though in an age when adultery has become a quietly conventional reason for divorce so total an abhorrence of it can only sound bizarre.

Queen Victoria remarked that "she never found people promoted to the Episcopate remain what they were before." Dr. Fisher proves this tart observation, though in a very different way to what it originally implied. It is because he doesn't remain in an intellectual or religious backwater, but does all in his very considerable power to keep up with mid-20th-century thought that he is beginning to claim, slowly but surely, the affection and regard he deserves.

The distinguished history of the Joneses

NOBODY can be more delighted about Princess Margaret's engagement than the other Joneses. For now, once and for all, an honourable name will be restored to its former dignity; and will take its place with Bowes-Lyon, Lascelles, Carnegie and the rest. It may seem presumptuous of me to compare plain Jones with the noble houses of Strathmore and Harewood. I am not trying to say, as one of our maids in Ireland once said, that Jones is an uncommon name. But I hope to prove that Jones is a better name than Smith, which has already gained a foothold in the Royal Family.

One is grateful for the hyphenated Smiths and Joneses, for it saves a lot of confusion. But whereas Smith is often adopted as the *first* name in a double-barrel, hyphens tend to edge Jones out of the way. Lord Trefgarne, the only Jones in the nobility at present (not counting the four Jones baronets) has gone so far as to abandon the name of his forebears altogether by deed poll. How different it was in the past! When Sir Roger Jones was made Viscount Ranelagh in 1628, he was proud enough of his name to take Lord Jones as his second title. The line of Joneses, Viscounts Ranelagh, lasted till 1885. Their villa became the fashionable club—we might have had polo on Jones's Lawn at Ranelagh to compete with Smith's Lawn at Windsor.

Before the Welsh took surnames, William's son John was known as John ap William and John's son would have been William ap John. Then, ap John became the surname Jones. But whereas the English equivalent, Johnson, is likely to have been of humble origin (for the grander Englishmen in the Middle Ages called themselves after their manors), in Wales noble and peasant alike were just ap John or ap William. So a Jones might be

descended from ancient Welsh princes, or even from Norman lords who settled in Wales and adopted the Welsh custom. But every Smith has an ancestor who was a blacksmith. An honourable trade, yet hardly signifying the blood of the Conqueror's Standard-Bearer.

And yet I am certain that many people would rather be called Smith than Jones; or rather, would have until now. For the past 100 years, Jones has, quite unfairly, been something of a joke. "Mr. Jones" is the little man, the nobody next door. Now, however, the idea of "Keeping up with the Joneses" has a new significance. One reads about "The Jones Factor" and "Jonesmanship." This is just as it should be; for Joneses always have got on. Smiths outnumber Joneses in the world, yet in the *Dictionary of National Biography* there are nearly as many Joneses as Smiths. And the Joneses were famous before the Smiths. Apart from John Smith of Virginia, one can think of no famous Smiths before about 1750. But in the 17th century there was Inigo Jones, one of our greatest architects. Three of the Parliamentary leaders in the Civil War were Joneses. There was a veritable bench of Jones bishops, as well as the saintly and learned Benedictine monk, Leander Jones. Walter Jones built Chastleton, the lovely Jacobean house in Oxfordshire. And the name of the physician, Basset Jones, appears in the elegant Latin form of Joanesius.

The Joneses continued to hold their own in the 18th and 19th centuries. There was Theophilus Jones, the Irish politician, and Henry Jones, the dramatist. Two Oriental scholars, Sir William Jones and the pleasantly named Jezreel Jones. John Paul Jones, the Scottish sailor who served the Americans,

the French, the Russians and the Americans again—hence, presumably, the dance. Several Jones generals. Several Jones painters, including the beautiful and talented wife of the great chef Soyer and, of course, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. And I think I may be allowed to mention my great-great uncle, Henry Bence-Jones, the physician and scientist, not only as he appears in the D.N.B. but also because he was a particularly difficult Jones to keep up with: he had very long legs and a habit of running wherever he went, his pupils puffing behind him.

Today, Joneses are prominent in all walks of life. Mr. Aubrey Jones was in the Government and is now a Courtauld director. In literature, there is Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, the critic; Mr. David Jones, author of *The Anathemata* who is also a distinguished artist; and Sir Lawrence Jones, who wrote *A Victorian Boyhood* and those other delightful books. In music, Mr. Parry Jones, the tenor. There is Sir Harold Jones, the astronomer; Captain O. P. Jones, the famous airman; Bishop Edward Jones of St. Albans; Mr. Justice Jones; Jennifer Jones, the film star; Peter Jones, the comedian, as well as Peter Jones, the shop. Sir Roderick Jones was the head of Reuters. The Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps is Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones.

I am sure it was only the Victorians who made Jones into a joke. Before that, people did not find the ordinary British names particularly funny. Witness Wordsworth's famous opening line which, when it was written, would have been regarded as quite solemn: "Spade! With which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands." But why should Jones, of all names, be singled out for the nonentity, particularly in verse? "A little man whose

JONESES

BY MARK BENCE-JONES

name was Jones," or something like that, appears all too often in funny poems. I think it is just this: Jones rhymes, but Smith doesn't. Even G. K. Chesterton couldn't think of much to rhyme with Smith: his poem against F. E. Smith has to have the rhymes in the other lines, with Smith repeated as a sort of refrain. But if the great lawyer had been called Jones, he might never have recovered from all the unpleasant words that Chesterton could have rhymed with his name: groans, moans, disowns, crones, drones, bones. . . . "Oh, oh, Anna Maria Jones, Queen of the tambourine, the cymbals and the bones" was, according to Mr. Aldous Huxley, a popular song of the 1850s. So, even as late as that, Jones was a romantic name; for "bones" here means a sort of castanet and is no reflection on Anna Maria's figure.

Its very weakness, the fact that it rhymes, makes Jones a pleasant, musical sound unlike the sibilant Smith. Inigo Jones, Leander Jones, Theophilus Jones, even Lord Trefgarne would agree that these names sound well—the Jones being in no way an anti-climax to what comes before. In explaining why Wordsworth's line about Wilkinson's spade seems ridiculous, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis says: "*The dragging of the average English middle-class surname into serious verse is at all times fatal.*" Thus Chatterton's "*The blood-stained tomb where Smith and comfort lie*" is equally fatal. But Jones is not an average English middle-class surname; it is Welsh, classless and too close to John or Joan to be really comic.

*Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of Jones*
would sound splendid if Shakespeare had written it today. Rhyming proudly with thrones. . . .



THE MOST FAMOUS of the Joneses:

Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. He is the son of Mr. Ronald O. L. Armstrong-Jones, M.B.E., a Q.C. in semi-retirement (who holds the unusual position of Visitor in Lunacy), and the

Countess of Rosse. At 30, Mr. Jones is just over five months older than his bride, Princess Margaret. Educated at Eton, and Jesus College, Cambridge, he coxed the winning Cambridge eight in 1950, and studied architecture—but failed.

Instead he took up photography, learning under Baron. For how he got on professionally, see page 349

The bride goes

It was often at the weddings of family and friends that the world saw Princess Margaret growing up. In all, last week's bride was five times a bridesmaid, beginning as the smallest attendant (*right*) when her uncle and aunt the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester were married in 1935



1



2



to weddings

1 One of the biggest weddings in 1946 was that of the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten to Lord Brabourne (one of her father's wartime aides). It was at Romsey Abbey and Princess Margaret was a bridesmaid

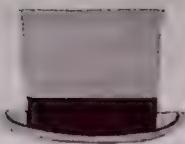
2 In a Hartnell gown, she arrived with her mother, then the Queen, for her sister's marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh at Westminster Abbey in 1947. She was one of eight bridesmaids, who wore dresses of embroidered white net

3 The Princess was a bridesmaid again at the wedding of Lady Margaret Egerton (then Princess Elizabeth's Lady-in-Waiting) to Mr. John Colville, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1948

4 Her last appearance as a bridesmaid was when her cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, was married to Mr. Denys Rhodes at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1950. Last week their daughter Annabel was a bridesmaid to the princess

4





DRESS NOTE BY HENRY AWBRY

Could this mean the beginning of the end for



THE hired-suit business has been dealt what could prove to be a haymaker by Princess Margaret's wedding—and just as Moss Bros. are celebrating their centenary. Normally most of the male guests would have trooped off to Covent Garden and hired the usual morning coats and striped pants. Instead, the word went forth from Clarence House that lounge suits would be enough. Will this precedent now catch on? Has the venerable tradition of formal dress at weddings been breached for good?

Certainly this is how new social customs begin, and look what happened to white-tie-and-tails. Before the war a man wouldn't be seen at the theatre or out dancing in anything else. Nowadays nothing would induce him to put them on unless it was for one of those ghastly formal evenings with

THE STRIPED PANTS AND CUTAWAY COAT?

decorations, royalty, and speeches. The only men who still regularly wear tails are waiters—the dinner jacket has captured all the others. This of course has been good business for the hiring firms. Why spend £40 on tails of your own when you can hire them for the occasional evening at little more than £2?

But the dethronement of the cutaway coat and striped pants would be an entirely different proposition. Many Monday mornings nearly 900 Moss Bros. suits are returned by customers in person and another 500 come back by post. The majority of these are wedding outfits—but oh! what a welter of unwillingness goes into the wearing! It is only the nagging of womenfolk and the fear of letting the side down that ever persuades a man to dress up in these quaint survivals. He would even buy a dearer present if it would save him from balancing an unaccustomed grey topper (black ones these days are only for funerals) on his head. Give him a ghost of a chance to get out of it all and Moss Bros. can wave him goodbye for ever.

Well, he's got that chance now. For whatever the women may say about it, the lounge-suited wedding guest can't be reproached on social grounds from now on. What was good enough for Princess Margaret in the Abbey should be good enough for any parish church. And if that isn't a thought to take the edge off Moss Bros. celebrations it's hard to imagine what is.

I'm assured, though, that Mr. Harry Moss and his associates remain confident. They feel that this new lunge towards informality is a phase that will pass. And anyway there's still Ascot, which is good for anything up to 10,000 orders for toppers, besides making a heavy call on the firm's stock of 15,000 morning suits. (To avoid identification, the trousers come in hundreds of different stripes.) Fortunately, too, there's no sign of a falling-off in royal garden parties. Rather the reverse, and that should mean a few more outings for the wedding suits.

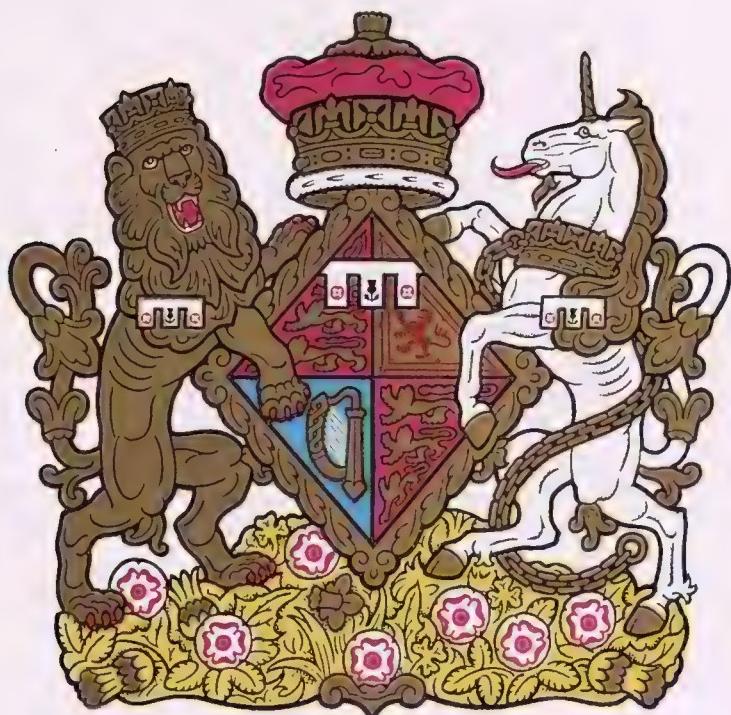
Incidentally it was a garden party in the early 1930s that was responsible for finally giving Moss Bros. the social all-clear. Most of the guests had changed there, leaving their own clothes behind. Then the sky grew

suddenly black and soon it was raining so hard that the party had to be postponed. Within the hour, hundreds of toppered men dripped through the doors to change again. "Damn it," commented one distinguished guest to another, "this place has turned into a club."

The hire habit got its initial impetus a few years earlier, though. It was when the first Labour government, a brief affair in the middle 1920s, came up against the strict dress standards of George V—who was not the man to make concessions to the cloth cap. The problem was solved, no doubt with many promptings from anxious civil servants, by recourse to hiring. Since then it has become commonplace to hire not only tails, but court dress and State robes—many peers understandably prefer to wear somebody else's scarlet and ermine at £25 a time rather than buy one for keeps at £600 or so.

Still, the basis of the trade remains the cutaway coat and striped pants, and it is difficult to believe that things can ever be quite the same now that the lounge suit has a foothold at the best weddings. It only needs Princess Alexandra to take a similarly emancipated view when her time comes to marry and the doom of the wedding suit will be sealed. No more that Monday-morning crush at the "return" counter. No more the ritual of the emptying of the pockets (pills, money and marriage certificates have a way of turning up, and once—during the war—a pound of butter). No more the slight feeling of relief to be finally rid of that awkward hat box—and to have that deposit safely back. Equally, no more the camaraderie of the fitting queue and the wondering whether the same faces will turn up in the same church. . . .

But then, who can guess what new turn social customs may take? Moss Bros. used to run their tropical section mainly to cater to the chaps who ran the British Empire. Now their customers are just stay-at-homes with centrally heated houses or hothouse cars. And think of the burgeoning tourist traffic. Even Mr. Macmillan and his party, bound for the famous Moscow visit, stopped off in King Street on the way. They had to collect fur-lined coats and matching hats for the journey.



M

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS MARGARET
AND ANTHONY ARMSTRONG-JONES 6 May 1960



THE ENGAGEMENT

The weekend following the announcement of the engagement, Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones stayed with the Queen Mother at Royal Lodge, Windsor. There the first engagement photographs were taken. This was one of them—the dog is Rowley, one of Princess Margaret's King Charles II spaniels



THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION

Two nights before the wedding the Queen & Prince Philip gave a reception for the princess and her fiancé at Buckingham Palace. Sightseers thronged the Mall and mobbed Princess Margaret's car (*below*). The Countess of Rosse, mother of the bridegroom, was there (*top*) in a dress of black & white organza by Stiebel. The party was officially the wedding reception as only a small breakfast followed the wedding



THE DRIVE TO THE ABBEY

When the smiling bride drove from Clarence House in the Glass Coach with Prince Philip the crowds along the route had been gathering since dawn—indeed many had slept out overnight. It was an immense and gay turnout, with the happiness of the day illuminated by the year's warmest sunshine



Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones

Princess Alexandra



The Queen Mother



The Countess of Rosse



The Prince of Wales

The wedding story

BY MURIEL BOWEN

POMP, pageantry, and splendour—all this and sunshine, too. The mood was set by the triumphant music that heralded Princess Margaret as she came up the aisle on the arm of Prince Philip. Inside Westminster Abbey the sunshine streamed through the tall windows, catching the gold plate and the magnificent cross of Canterbury, all silver and gold and glittering with diamonds.

Trumpets shrilled through the great vaulted nave as the bride and Prince Philip alighted from the glass coach. Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones waited at the altar, near the spot where Sovereigns have been crowned since the days of William the Conqueror. With him was his best man, Dr. Roger Gillatt.

The Abbey was a glow of scarlet, royal blue, gold and white as the bridal procession moved slowly up the blue-carpeted nave. There was the gold-and-white mitre of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, who performed the ceremony. The Beadle, in a bright blue mantle, was an imposing figure, and following him in the procession were ten Queen's Scholars from Westminster School in their

bow ties and butterfly collars. The Master of the Choristers led the children of the Chapel Royal in their red cassocks and white surplices.

Then the moment of excitement for the congregation as the bride and Prince Philip came into view. Her dress was of white silk organza with a fitted bodice and a voluminous skirt, falling in twelve panels from the waist. Her face was unveiled and she wore her handsomest tiara, a high circlet of floral-shaped diamonds bought on her behalf at a London auction room last year. She has often worn this as a necklace.

Of the 2,068 guests in the Abbey only 800 had any real view of the Princess and Mr. Armstrong-Jones at the altar. The others watched the television monitors which at Princess Margaret's request were set on either side of the nave and in the transepts.

It had been expected beforehand that the wedding would be more informal than previous royal weddings. But with all the royal ladies in full-length dresses I thought it could scarcely have been more formal. The Queen was in turquoise faille and lace, the fitted waist and short train a little

CONTINUED ON PAGE 344







THE CEREMONY

The guest list for the Abbey reached further outside court circles than for any previous royal wedding, and the TV cameras made the audience nation-wide. Also present were the Commonwealth Prime Ministers (in London for their conference). On her way out after the service Princess Margaret paused (*below*) on her husband's arm to drop a pretty curtsy to the Queen



THE RETURN TO THE PALACE



They rode back in procession down the Mall, past banners bearing their linked initials, and with an escort of the Household Cavalry. Then came the traditional balcony appearance (compare this with pages 321-6) and later the group pictures, which produced the moment opposite



Left to right: *The Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent, Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, Prince Philip, the Queen, the Prince of Wales (behind a bridesmaid), the Queen Mother, the bride & bridegroom, the Princess Royal, Dr. Roger Gilliat, (best man), the Countess of Rosse, the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester. The bridesmaids (left to right): Princess Anne, Marilyn Wills, Catherine Vesey, Annabel Rhodes, Sarah Lowther, Lady Virginia FitzRoy, Lady Rose Nevill, Angela Nevill*

THE WEDDING STORY *continued*

reminiscent of Elizabeth I. The Queen Mother wore gold and white lamé. Short and formal dresses were worn by the ladies on the bridegroom's side of the altar. His mother, the Countess of Rosse, was in a fitted dress of off-white and grey brocade. Viscountess de Vesci, her daughter, wore a loose silk shantung coat in glowing cornflower blue.

Virtually everybody who has ever been counted in the "Margaret Set" over the years was there: Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. & Mrs. Mark Bonham-Carter, Miss Sharman Douglas, the Earl & Countess of Dalkeith, the Marquess of Blandford, and Mr. Christopher Loyd & Mrs. Loyd.

Sir Winston Churchill wore the only grey morning coat I saw, and Lady Churchill was wonderfully elegant in a pale lilac faille coat with a matching hat of faille and velvet. There were lots and lots of family friends. I noticed Sir Eric Miéville, who years ago helped the Princess to conquer nervousness in public speaking, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort & Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort (striking in a Givenchy dress and jacket of brown shantung), Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill, and Mr. & Mrs. John Lowther. Mrs. Lowther, then Jennifer Bevan, was the Princess's first lady-in-waiting.

Nobody—and that included the servants—seemed to have been forgotten. The Princess's maids, her chauffeur, and her Scotland Yard detective all had their seats in the Abbey as had Mr. Armstrong-Jones's charlady.

The timing was superb. Fifty minutes after the Princess entered the Abbey she walked down the aisle on the arm of her husband. At the blast of a trumpet the procession reformed and it was joined this time by the bridegroom's

parents, Lady Rosse and Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, q.c. As the procession moved out the great roof resounded with a trumpet tune and airs by Purcell.

For the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne it was the first big family wedding. There were warm smiles from the congregation as the prince raised his arm to support his grandmother, the Queen Mother, coming down the steps.

Outside the West Door a Guard of Honour was formed by the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards, with the Queen's Colour and the Band of the Regiment—a nice acknowledgement, I thought, of Mr. Armstrong-Jones's Welsh ancestry. Then the drive to Buckingham Palace in the scarlet and gold Glass Coach, drawn by the superbly mannered Windsor Greys. The Princess & Mr. Armstrong-Jones looked out on a scene gay with flowers, flags and waving watchers.

About 100 of the wedding guests went on from the Abbey to the wedding breakfast, which was held in the State Supper Room. There were 12 wedding cakes, but only the official 6-ft. high, three-tier cake ordered by the Queen Mother was cut. The others were cut up afterwards and sent to wedding guests, hospitals and organizations with which the Princess is connected.

The wedding breakfast was the end of two days of social celebrations that started when the Queen and Prince Philip gave a reception for the Princess and Mr. Armstrong-Jones at Buckingham Palace on the Wednesday. A glittering throng of over 1,000 people, their jewels ablaze under the crystal chandeliers, danced until 2 a.m. in the Palace ballroom. Popular enthusiasm was demonstrated when



the maroon car bringing the Queen Mother, the Princess and her fiancé from Clarence House was mobbed by cheering, clapping crowds.

There was no receiving line and guests went straight up the stairs to the ballroom. They danced to the music of Joe Loss (tune of the evening was, "My Heart Stood Still") or sat out on settees of rose-coloured damask. The Duchess of Gloucester was in a Stiebel gown of bougainvillea-red paper taffeta (*see also page 329*). Paper taffeta rather than the more traditional satin and silk were used for most of the prettier dresses. The Hon. Lady Ford (wife of Sir Edward Ford, the Queen's Assistant Private Secretary) chose paper taffeta for her yellow, very full-skirted dress. So did Mrs. Eric Penn, who wore lilac, and Lady Caroline Gilmour (one of the Queen's bridesmaids), in ash pink.

Never has such a curious collection of cars descended

on the Palace. There were the little 'uns, nearly worn out but given an extra polish for the occasion. There were shooting brakes, which normally take children to school and piglets to market. The people in them were all young and their little cars—one with "L" plates, and another which broke down in the gateway—were a significant feature of this glittering evening.

Among unusual guests at the Palace I saw Mr. Peter Hall, that bright young man from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and his wife, film-actress Leslie Caron; Mr. Anthony Fry, the artist who likes his subjects dancing to jazz; Mr. Jeremy Brett & his wife actress Anna Massey; and Mr. Rory McEwen, the calypso singer.

It is all over now, but meanwhile one of the royal palaces, St. James's, remains busy with the wedding. There the gifts, still pouring in, are unwrapped and indexed.





THE HONEYMOON AND AFTER



The Royal yacht took Princess Margaret and her husband away for a honeymoon in the Caribbean, scene of her own successful royal tour in 1958. They went aboard in the pool of London, where the *Britannia* made an unaccustomed sight with St. Paul's behind it. On their return this grace-and-favour house at Kensington Palace will be their first home. The theatre and the arts hope to claim much attention from the royal couple. One of their first public outings together was to the charity preview of *Flower Drum Song* (*opposite*)

STAGE DOOR

LONDON PALACE
UNILETT LITTLE

THE TATLER & BYRON 11 May 1950



TO OPEN





As the first to publish photographs by Tony Armstrong-Jones, the Tatler here exhibits a selection of his work.

HUGO CHARTERIS, who—though a novelist—is about as professional with a camera as an amateur can be (proof at right) provides an informed appraisal



The art of Armstrong-Jones

THE first thing that strikes me about the photographs of Tony Armstrong-Jones is the amount of them. He has only been down from Cambridge since 1951 but he has done portraits, fashion, advertising, theatre, magazine and book work. The second impression is how he took photographs that catch the eye but would not have stood a dog's chance in photographic competitions.

In his foreword to his book *London* he wrote: "I believe that photographs should be simple technically and easy to look at. They shouldn't be directed at other photographers. . . . Their point is to make ordinary people react." Anyone who has visited photographic exhibitions or read amateur and professional photographic periodicals will probably agree with the implications of these words. Most photographers do seem to become easily obsessed with technique and in amateur circles competition-judges encourage this tendency by neglecting whether a picture is interesting or pleasurable to look at and favouring work that provokes admiration for this or that scope of the film, paper or camera.

Who does not know the terrible monotony of the prize-winning yacht in choppy seas taken against the light, the wet face of the young bather with every globule of water whole and radiant amid the differentiated down of a female lip? Or the "sweet" kittens or cubs in which, despite the differing exposures demanded by black fur and white fur, the whites are still not "burnt

out" and the blacks still slightly revealing? Worse, who has not yawned at the "good-composition," where the "strong points" (far windmill or near gypsy) fall no doubt exactly on the upper or lower "thirds," imaginary dividing lines which we are assured were always respected by old masters of the brush as well as new ones of the lens? (Excellent principles—but useless without talent.)

And who does not know the chalky, ham-faced deadness of portraits in the display windows of provincial photographers (men, be it said, who cannot pick and choose their subjects and seldom get a real splash of natural help from sitters)? Or the garish lighting, the effects, tilts and shadows as though from a close conflagration, of the big heads in Bond Street, of generals, debs and executives?

In the eyes of many professionals Mr. Jones was technically a toddler, but they gradually had to admit that despite his ignorance of, or contempt, for rules and regulations, he often produced a more

immediately fetching, if sometimes less durable, article than most of them did themselves.

It seems to me no coincidence that concurrent with his rise and popularity were the growth of *Paris-Match*—and the death of *Picture Post*. Comparison of the two magazines' styles would probably reveal that the one that died was pictorially professional (in a derogatory sense) and the survivor pictorially amateur (and a cousin of TAJ's work) in a complimentary sense.

Consider two pictures accompanying this article. Many photographers might wince at the blurred burnt-out haze in the doorway of Albany and would never go to bed easy having hung the old man of E.2, with his coat which knows no frontier between itself and darkness. They are both in the style of *Paris-Match* as opposed to *Picture Post*, rich in atmosphere, unashamedly faulty.

Faulty? Doubtless these extreme blacks and whites were done on purpose. If so it was a convenient purpose, convenient at

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Armstrong-Jones colour photograph of Princess Margaret was taken for her 29th birthday at Royal Lodge, Windsor, last year

Judging at Olympia during Cruft's Dog Show—from London, his book of photographs

ART OF ARMSTRONG-JONES—*contd.*

At Wens Cafe, E.2—from London



the time of taking and in the darkroom, too. To me they are excellent, evocative pictures but in detail imperfect for hard covers.

More intentional still probably is Armstrong-Jones's use of "grain." He seemed to turn the very weakness of fast film and the Leica negative's smallness to account. He did it by accentuating the combination's tendency to "grain" when blown up large. The result is a charcoal-drawing effect—sometimes even a *pointilliste* blur, as in his study of Guards on parade. These tricks, when not too obtrusive, are sometimes journalistically effective. But how would they fit in a framed photograph that has to be lived with? They would probably soon irritate unless part of a carefully planned, or instinctively felt, complete picture.

Yes, we react to Mr. Armstrong-Jones's photographs. He catches the moment that



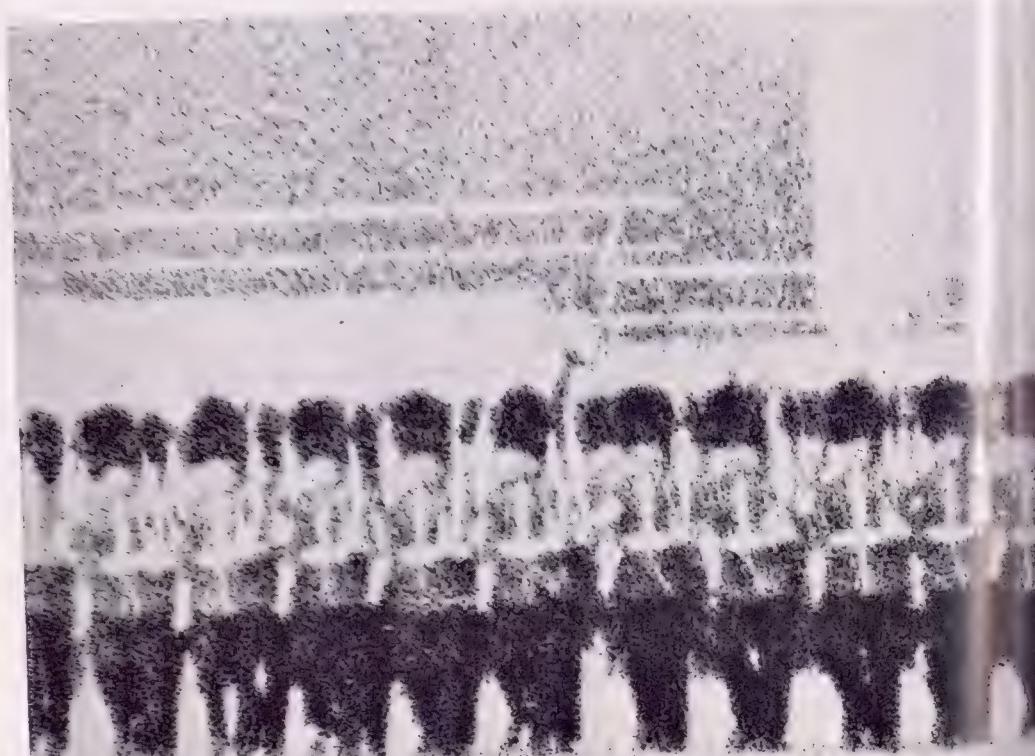
Silhouette in Madeira—THE TATLER, 1952

Coldstreamers on parade—from London



Bridal dress fitting for the Hon. Patricia Browne
—from THE TATLER, June, 1952

Mrs. David Ropner on her wedding day
—from THE TATLER, September, 1955





Sarah-Gay Cotter pays off her taxi
—from THE TATLER, July, 1952

caught his eye and with it catches ours. Even in his many small routine coverages of weddings and dances he often redeemed an outworn style from cliché—and also did his best for people's appearance, which society photographers often failed to do (perhaps with unconscious zeal for just those very failures, but then what more dismal job could a man have, given the typical upper-class attitude to the press?)

From giving a fillip in the direction of dramatized naturalism to society photography and taking debs far from floodlights and studio out into the cold grey of Hyde Park early mornings, Armstrong-Jones turned to give a jolt to all those stereotyped pictures by which plays and revues have been advertised for years past. By almost taking part, one imagined, in dress rehearsals and hanging from the chandelier above Othello's bed he got shots of Desdemona's last moments which arrested people on the pavement. It was as though here at last was a chance of being privy to a murder. They went in and booked, presumably, for Mr. Armstrong-Jones was much in demand.

His eye for the arresting seems to have been there from the start. Consider the silhouette of Miss Frankel taken in 1952. What a bad picture it is, yet we look twice at such a stunted pagoda.

In his book *London* he wrote of his pictures: "They had to be taken fast. It's no good saying 'Hold it' to a moment of real life. Like trying to hold a breath, you've found you've lost it." Yet the earliest photographers had to say "Hold it, please" for half an hour and took some of the best pictures ever taken. Their subjects had repose and so had their pictures. Mr. Armstrong-Jones preferred to take his subjects, as it were, on the wing, uncon-

scious of the camera, unposed. Look at the two brides shown here. One might be said to be posed, but even she is on the move in her position, just as the other is in her expression. There is a fleetingness about both. This is fine, as Keats pointed out, in a frieze on a Grecian urn, but to achieve such suspended movement the camera usually has to make enormous sacrifices in composition, solidity and depth. Mr. Armstrong-Jones was ready for such sacrifices. To implement them he developed away from the Rolleiflex, with its murky screen, and towards the Leica and its clear, normal-vision, eye-level viewfinder.

With such preferences and trends of development it is no wonder that his reputation had most praise in the department of child photography. Children, with their transparent faces and restless limbs, make perfect subjects for the eye-level immediacy and machine-gun rate of fire of the Leica. A certain expression, a certain evocative position may last only a 50th of a second. Here we see one of the times when Mr. Jones was on to it in a 100th. If half a skirt partially intervened—*tant pis*.

Spontaneity is at a premium in many activities today, not least in television. With it go the virtues of liveliness, freshness, emotional impact, sometimes sincerity and originality. Its defects are slightness, a merely transitory effect, sometimes banality and, when forced, gimmickry.

These virtues and vices seem to me to compete in the art of Armstrong-Jones for the upper hand. There are conspicuous victories for both sides. But on the whole it is a pity the public is losing him to the most passive if most prominent branch of show-business and that the photographic boot is from now on to be so firmly on the other foot.



Miss Marcia Kendrew, daughter of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. D. A. Kendrew, of Campden Hill Court, W.8, married Capt Richard Abel Smith, son of Col. Sir Henry & Lady May Abel Smith, of Government House, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington, W.8

C. C. Fennell



Miss Susan Gaisford-St. Lawrence, daughter of the late Capt. S. Gaisford-St. Lawrence, R.N., & Mrs. Gaisford-St. Lawrence, married Mr. Robert Turville Constable Maxwell, son of Mr. & Mrs. David Turville Constable Maxwell, of Bosworth Hall, near Rugby, at Howth, Co. Dublin. The reception was at Howth Castle (above), the bride's home



Left: The bride and groom. **Above:** The bride's brother, Capt. Christopher Gaisford-St. Lawrence (he gave her away) and his wife, who was formerly Miss Penelope Drew



Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, daughter of the Hon. Hugh & Lady Helen Vivian Smith, married Mr. James Macdonald-Buchanan at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



At the reception: the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, Mrs. Sydney Loder & the Earl of Rosebery. The reception was held at the Savoy



Capt. John Macdonald-Buchanan, the bridegroom's brother, with Viscount & Viscountess Althorp. The bridegroom is the son of Maj. R. & the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan



Lord Digby, who is Lord Lieutenant of Dorset

Other People's Weddings

Miss Shane Newton, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Newton, of Launceston Place, London, W.8, married Lord Gisborough, of Gisborough Hall, Cleveland, Yorkshire, only son of the late Lord Gisborough, and of Lady Gisborough, of St. George's Place, York, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The reception was at the Hyde Park Hotel, where they were photographed reflected in a mirror

Barry Swaebe



Lord Kilbracken

My seagoing dream

THIS SUMMER, I REALLY WILL SAIL FROM Killegar to the sea. It has been a perennial ambition since I was about ten years old; for there, right in front of the house, the dark waters of the Derreskit River flow out of Lough Donawale, to merge after 100 miles (having passed through Lough Oughter and the two Lough Ernes) with the Atlantic at Ballyshannon. One day, was my romantic childhood thought, I'd flow with them.

For many years this was impossible for the simple reason that I hadn't got a sailing boat. Also, I couldn't sail—it was one of the things I didn't learn during the five years I was a sailor. The peacetime Navy of course is much occupied, even in this nuclear age, with the national predilection for messing around with boats, but somehow during the war the whole *mystique* of dinghies and cutters got relegated to the background. However, after leaving the Navy, I decided that sailing a boat—like skiing, ploughing, flying, playing poker, or dancing a reasonable rhumba—was one of the things which a man should be able to do.

Unfortunately I was living in S.W.3, and had nowhere handy to sail; the tideway isn't really recommended for nautical tyros. On hitch-hiking holidays to the Mediterranean I could only gaze with longing envy at the luggers, cutters, yawls, schooners, brigs, barques, barquentines and ships in such happy harbours as Villefranche and Portofino. I did eventually become the owner of a sailing boat, and learnt—or rather taught myself—to sail her, which is the first necessary step towards Ballyshannon. My apprenticeship began through my friends and neighbours in Ireland, John and Nita Madden, who owned two of the dozen Snipes on Upper Lough Erne, with their anchorage at Crom Castle, on my long-dreamt-of route to the Atlantic.

The Snipe is a small Bermuda-rigged sloop, with a normal crew of two. One of these is captain, helmsman, first mate and lord high admiral. The other, apart from hauling on

the jib sheet, has nothing to do but act as movable ballast and admire the scenery. Thus, as ballast, I started my sailing career, and John would occasionally allow me to take the helm. Before long, this wasn't good enough, and I made up my mind to have a Snipe of my own.

Killegar is perfectly surrounded by lakes of every size—I own two-and-a-half myself—but there are no sailboats on any of them and I'm eighty miles from the sea. So it wasn't easy to locate a suitable craft in the district. Then one of the Lough Erne Snipes came on the market when her owner, Lord Belmore, decided to buy a new one. I drove to Castlecoole and, after a little hard bargaining, bought her for £37, complete with sails. It was the best money I ever spent.

We towed "Falcon" as near as possible to Killegar, collected her with tractor and trailer, and ceremoniously launched her on Donawale, 400 yards from the house. So today, on this fine spring morning, as on any morning from April till November, I can see her taunting me as I write, where the Derreskit—which, incidentally, is at once the border between Leitrim and Cavan, between Connaught and Ulster, between my land and Jack Armstrong's—flows darkly towards the sea.

The next thing was to rig her. This had always looked so easy when John did it at Crom, but now became unexpectedly complicated without him. I had one of those do-it-yourself books called *How To Sail*, and managed with its help to disentangle, after two or three hours, the halyards, stays, sheets, painter, and other assorted cordage, as well as the mast, rudder, tiller, sails, booms, duckboards, paddle, centreboard and so forth. Whereupon, without delay, taking with me an Oxford friend who knew no more than I did, I slipped the book in my pocket, upped anchor and put to sea. (Or do I mean "put to lough"?)

This maiden voyage, miraculously, went off without disaster. There was very little wind,

so we had plenty of time to find our place in *How To Sail* whenever a manoeuvre became necessary. All the same, having started off on a downwind "run," we found that the lee shore approached rapidly as we examined the index and then sought page 163, to discover how to "bear up," preferably without "jibing," and then to "reach" or "beat."

Several days went by before I dared to set forth without my handbook—and it wasn't long afterwards that I capsized her. Still, it was for the first time and only time (so far). I had a young French boy with me and had done just enough sailing to believe I knew all the answers. "Falcon," struck suddenly when reaching by a gust from the port beam, heeled headily over till her starboard deck was awash. I acted instinctively, and my instinct was to do, simultaneously, the precise opposite to both the alternatives that would have remedied the situation. I hauled like mad on the sheet (instead of letting it fly) and brought the tiller hard up (instead of down). A moment later, inevitably, the boy and I were swimming.

I don't think that will happen again, and "Falcon" since then has provided unnumbered evenings of excitement and delight, not to mention the satisfaction of painting and titivating her when she's laid up for the winter. (This year, she's yellow and white, and I have new blue sails.) But I've never reached the sea; until a year ago, something always cropped up to make it impracticable.

Last year I actually set off for the distant Atlantic. After much preparation—maps, charts, tents, primus stoves, fishing-rods—I embarked with my son, Christopher, and my nephew as crew. We had covered rather less than two miles when I gave the order to lower the centreboard. My crew complied—and it dropped clean through the boat to the bottom of the river, which gave new significance to the term "drop-keel." That was that; but this summer, perhaps, we may be luckier, and I'll become, at last, a saltwater sailor.



Gilbert Spencer, R.A., discussed the last unfinished work of his brother, Sir Stanley Spencer, with James Fitton and W. E. Narraway

Summer Academy 1960

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES

Varnishing day at the Academy: Miss J. A. Pinks (above) applied some finishing touches. (Below): The two youngest exhibitors were Paul Riley (15), of Richmond, and Angela Rudge (16), of Kingston. Between them is Paul Riley's father and at right Rodney Burn, A.R.A.—of the hanging committee



Summer Academy 1960 CONTINUED

Lord Methuen, R.A., who has at his home, Corsham Court, Wilts, an important collection of paintings made by his family during nearly 200 years



Sir Charles Wheeler, president of the Royal Academy, with Lord Moran and Mrs. Diana Sandys. Above right: Mr. Humphrey Brooke, Academy secretary, with Lord & Lady Monson. Lady Monson's father was the late Mr. Anthony Devas, A.R.A., the painter. Right: Miss Clarisse Loxton-Peacock, who is having her own exhibition (her first) in the autumn, and Mrs. Christine Giordani





Miss Julie Harris



Mrs. Humphrey Brooke



Miss Olivia Gray



Mrs. L. G. Freeman



Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian



Countess Howe and her daughter,
Lady Sarah Curzon.
Left: Mrs. Kate Ranger and Lord Sherwood



The play **The Most Happy Fella.** Coliseum. (Inia Wiata, Edwin Steffe, Helena Scott, Art Lund, Jack DeLon, Libi Staiger.)

The films **Hell Is A City.** Director Val Guest. (Stanley Baker, John Crawford, Donald Pleasence, Billie Whitelaw, Maxine Audley, Vanda Godsell.)

Who Was That Lady? Director George Sidney. (Tony Curtis, Dean Martin, Janet Leigh, James Whitmore.)

The Last Voyage. Director Andrew L. Stone. (Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, George Sanders, Edmond O'Brien, Tammy Marilugh.)

The books **The Country Girls,** by Edna O'Brien (Hutchinson, 15s.).

The Holy Barbarians, by Lawrence Lipton (W. H. Allen, 30s.).

A Quite Remarkable Father, by Leslie Ruth Howard (Longmans, 21s.).

Steps In Time, by Fred Astaire (Heinemann, 21s.).

The records **Original Performances,** by Glenn Miller.

Treasure Chest, by Benny Goodman.

Accent On Tenor Sax, by Coleman Hawkins.

Accent On Trumpet, by Ernie Royal.

Jack Lidstrom's Hepeats.

Tommy Flanagan.

The gallery **Royal Academy Summer Exhibition,** Burlington House.



THEATRE

by Anthony Cookman

Don't look beyond
the mood

EVEN THOSE WHO FIND *The Most Happy Fella* at the Coliseum too syrupy for their palate or too long drawn out for their patience, allow that it is another American musical success and will "run for ever." It is not one of the successes that I resent or want to patronize. Though I perceive that the show has not the exotic kick we might expect from the author of *Guys and Dolls*, it gave me a good deal of quiet enjoyment. But then musical

comedy, to my thinking, is at its most agreeable when it evokes a mood and creates an atmosphere instead of pursuing a complicated story or arguing a case.

The mood that Mr. Frank Loesser, his director Mr. Jerome Eskow and his choreographer Mr. Ralph Beaumont try to catch is the double mood in which young people are impelled to dance out of sheer *joie-de-vivre* and the rather wistful pleasure to which the elderly resign themselves as they sit back and watch them do it. Sentimental, no doubt, but jolly and human for all that. The atmosphere sustained by the slightly absurd story and the most attractive settings suits this double mood well enough. It is caught with lightness and casual-seeming precision in the scenes on the Californian grape farm, at the early tending of the vines and at the gathering in of the grapes on the wide fields stretching away under wide skies to a far horizon.

The dances among the vines, though they keep a carefully arranged pattern of flowing simplicity, are full of cleverly devised internal variations, and the dancers, the little groups of lads and lasses who compose the gay spectacle, handle adeptly the minutiae of the business they are given to do. It is a long while since an American

musical has made an impression of simple rustic gaiety and charm.

It must be confessed, however, that I am judging the piece on the effect it actually makes, not on the effect that Mr. Loesser may believe it is making. He has obviously attempted to extend the range of musical comedy as far as he can into *opera comique*. There are no fewer than 46 songs. The story, taken from Mr. Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*, is told almost entirely in song. The trouble is that Mr. Loesser's lyrics are with one or two exceptions

rather dull, and the tunes, again with happy exceptions, are simply not gripping or memorable enough to carry through his ambitious plan. When they are signal good, as *Standing on the corner*, for example, they are not markedly operatic, and when they come closest to a good operatic effect they just fail to strike the popular note.

The partial failure of the composer's hopeful plan is that the story is slowed down, and those who are not impressed by the lightness and grace with which the double mood

CONTINUED ON PAGE 360



DELIGHTED AT GETTING A LETTER (left) from his Rosabella, Tony (Inia Wiata) sings the title song of *The Most Happy Fella* to the assembled farmhands and girls. Right: Herman (Jack DeLon) teaches Cleo (Libi Staiger) to glue labels on the wine-crates, to the strains of *I Love Everybody*.

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VERDICTS CONTINUED

and the Arcadian atmosphere are kept up are likely to find the romance taking an unreasonable time to unfold itself.

The story, like that of *South Pacific* and a lot of other American plays, is highly flattering to the middle-aged. Its hero is a humble-hearted but rather homely looking middle-aged Italian immigrant grape farmer who courts a lonely young San Francisco waitress by post. When the time comes to send his photograph he loses his nerve and sends instead a photograph of his tall and handsome foreman. The foreman is not only tall and handsome but of an incurably roving disposition, and he cannot resist seducing the forlorn bride. Their

affair is of the briefest duration, but its consequence is a fearful embarrassment to the warm-hearted girl once she has begun to fall in love with the equally warm-hearted and good-natured man who is her husband.

The melting down of the embarrassment into a happy ending certainly makes a longish third act, but the already charmed audience on the first night clearly did not find the denouement a moment too long. Mr. Inia Wiata sings the hero sonorously and also makes the character immensely likeable. There is a penetratingly effective soubrette in Miss Libi Staiger who is well partnered by the genial Mr. Jack DeLon, and Miss Helena Scott is the sympathetic heroine.

Baker, at his menacing best as a detective inspector, discovers that the stolen notes had been treated with powdered malachite—a substance which provided the ladies of ancient Egypt with a fetching eye-shadow and is now less romantically used to trap thieves, since it leaves an indelible green stain.

Already alerted to Mr. Crawford's jailbreak, Mr. Baker, who was responsible for putting him inside in the first place, is convinced that this dangerous criminal shared in the robbery. He knows the man's contacts and conceivable hide-outs—but Mr. Crawford proves so elusive, it is simpler for Mr. Baker first to round up his green-fingered accomplices.

He does so at a Sunday morning gambling session, when, on a stretch of waste land outside the city, a "school" of men are playing "the tossing game" (betting on the way two coins will fall). This scene, with the look-out men surprised by the swarming police, has all the fascination and excitement of a documentary. Mr. Baker has still to trap Mr. Crawford—and the film moves at the rate (as one might say) of a hunt to the tremendous climax, with the two men fighting it out on Manchester's roof-tops, high above the teeming streets.

I'm inclined to think this is Mr. Baker's best performance to date—and there are others equally admirable from Mr. Donald Pleasence as the robbed bookie, Miss Billie Whitelaw as his sly, wheedling wife (an ex-girl-friend of the man on the run), and Miss Vanda Godsell as a barmaid with designs upon the detective inspector, whose unhappy home life with a frigid wife (Miss Maxine Audley) makes him a likely subject for seduction.

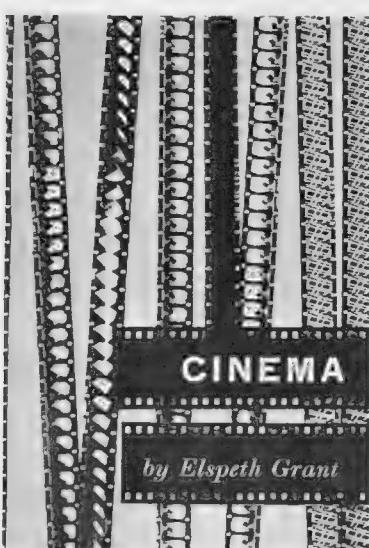
If you can believe in Mr. Tony Curtis as a chemistry professor, which I am afraid I can't, and are prepared to assume that any man of science could ever have married a gal as hysterical and half-witted as Miss Janet Leigh makes his wife,

then *Who Was That Lady?* will doubtless be O.K. by you. It is only just a shade more than halfway O.K. by me—though it did, through the more probable performances of Mr. Dean Martin as a smarty-pants TV scriptwriter and Mr. James Whitmore as an ulcerated but not unkindly F.B.I. man, elicit even from me quite a number of laughs.

Miss Leigh catches Mr. Curtis kissing a sexy she-student in his laboratory and forthwith prepares to divorce him. Instead of welcoming the prospect of a happy release, Mr. Curtis is greatly distressed and implores his ingenious friend, Mr. Martin, to think of some excuse that will satisfactorily explain his conduct. Fortified with a beaker of crude alcohol, Mr. Martin comes up with a preposterous story about both of them working secretly for the F.B.I.—and Mr. Curtis kissing the student because she is a spy whose confidence he has to win in the line of duty.

Armed with a fake F.B.I. card and a revolver from the TV studio's "props" department, Mr. Curtis

CONTINUED ON PAGE 362



Green fingers in Manchester

HAVING LED A FAIRLY SHELTERED life—I know only two burglars, both highly successful and civil but marked by a certain gimlet-eyed wariness in unfamiliar public places—I sit through most cops-and-

robbers movies sceptically thinking "It couldn't possibly have happened like this." About *Hell Is A City*, though, disbelief was suspended from the first moment (Mr. Stanley Black's music bursting upon one with the powerful suggestion of dark deeds imminent) to the last.

The film is based on a novel by Mr. Maurice Proctor, produced by Mr. Michael Carreras, directed by Mr. Val Guest and is set in Manchester (where the greater part of it was shot). It has never been my privilege (or misfortune?) to visit Manchester and after this persuasive, excellently directed film, I don't know that I want to. It looks a grimy, grit-in-its-teeth sort of place—but, thanks to Mr. Guest (and an exploring camera in the hands of Messrs. Arthur and Moray Grant), it certainly looks real. This, in conjunction with superb acting from a well-chosen cast, lends conviction to the swift-paced story.

A bookie's clerk, on her way to the bank with her boss's substantial takings, is robbed and killed by four men—one of whom (Mr. John Crawford) has broken out of jail and is on the run. Mr. Stanley



SURPRISE—SURPRISE: *Ann Wilson* (Janet Leigh) dashes out of the door on her husband hunt to find *F.B.I.* agent (James Whitmore) on the other side. From *Who Was That Lady?*



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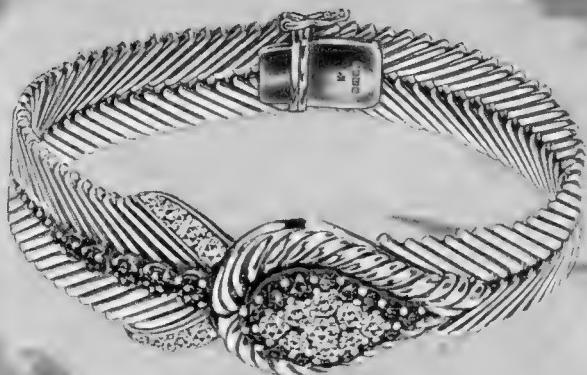
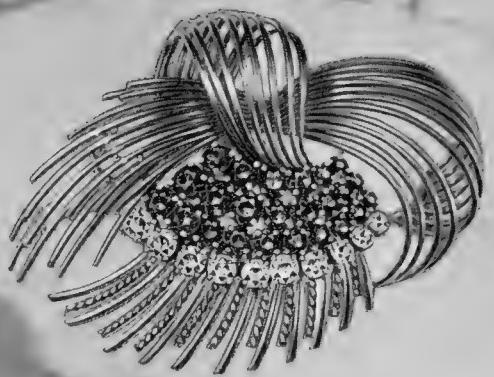
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VERDICTS CONTINUED

confronts his wife with this outrageous yarn: she, thrilled to the marrow, believes it. Unfortunately the TV property man gets to wondering why the card and gun were required, since they were never used in any of the studio's programmes—and in less than no time there's an indubitably genuine F.B.I. man, the admirable Mr. Whitmore, on Miss Leigh's drawing room sofa, questioning her about her husband.

From here on Messrs. Curtis and Martin find themselves hectically involved with real F.B.I. men—and with real spies, too. Coming-to in the basement boiler-room of the Empire State Building after a stunning encounter with a bunch of foreign thugs, the gallant pair imagine themselves aboard an enemy submarine and in a burst of patriotic fervour determine to sink it. For this hilariously dotty scene, one should, I guess, forgive the film any slight shortcomings.

Ever since *The Lady Vanishes* we've known that train travel has its perils. *Cone of Silence* persuaded us that air-travel, too, is distinctly hazardous. Along comes *The Last Voyage*—with Mr. George Sanders as a ship's captain who displays a sterling disregard for the welfare of his passengers—to put us off travelling by sea. (I must look out my pogo-stick: it seems the safest way of getting about.) This is a long-drawn-out film, which even a whacking great explosion fails to make exciting. Mr. Edmond O'Brien is fine as a harassed engineer. Miss Dorothy Malone, a passenger pinned down by a steel girder, suffers and suffers and sobs and sobs. A gloomful piece.

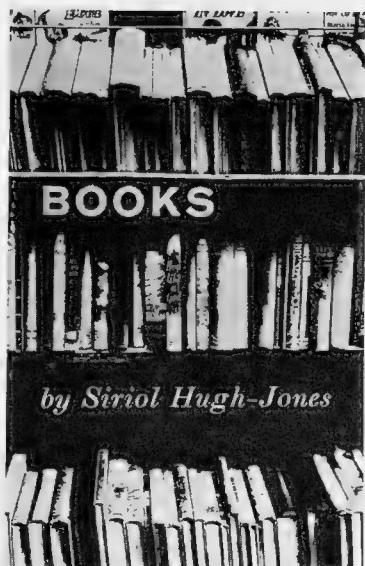
performances has ever been released before. The fact is that this legendary taskmaster among big band leaders was a prolific record-maker during the three years that the group reigned as America's top civilian band. Later Miller was to fulfil the demands of American Servicemen by taking his military band to Europe during the last year of the war. But this set of records (RCA RD27145/6/7) presents the commercial band at its best, in selected material from record sessions and live broadcasts.

No one would claim that Miller played outstanding jazz—his was just a swing band of the style and type made popular by Goodman and Dorsey during the 30s. The difference was that the group achieved a solidarity and precision hitherto unknown except in one or two exceptional Negro bands. The accent was always on the arranger, seldom on the soloist. The results vary from immaculate commercial dance music to exciting big band music which only falls short of jazz in the sense that public understanding of the idiom has increased over the intervening years.

If Miller was an early idol of mine, Goodman occupied an even higher place, as the King of Swing. His success peak was in 1937/38, and the two latest volumes of his **Treasure chest** (MGM-C-807/810) are devoted to performances of this period. Many tracks will sound familiar to connoisseurs of Goodman but they are in fact different from the original recordings in the sense that all these versions are from live appearances. Despite some indifferent quality in places, I think you will enjoy these revivals which show every indication of standing the test of time.

Jazz fans now have an opportunity to join the International Jazz Club, which offers similar advantages to those of the various classical record clubs. From the collector's point of view there is the extra bait that the selections are from American or other foreign catalogues not distributed in Britain. Two outstanding LPs from the first I.J.C. release are Coleman Hawkins's **Accent on tenor sax** (UJZ/2/LP) and Ernie Royal's **Accent on trumpet** (UJC/3/LP).

Another interesting group which you can hear on this label is Jack Lidstrom's Hep Cats, from Sweden. Their brand of near-Dixieland jazz has much to commend it, while the modern style piano playing of Tommy Flanagan (MJE/7/2) is one of the best solo pieces he has recorded. This young Detroit pianist is much in demand, and his work seems to strike a happy balance between the extremist approach of Powell and Silver and the melodic insinuations which overlay most of Tatum's piano extemporization.



The turning-point of innocence

ONE OF THE MANY REMARKABLE things about **The Country Girls**—a first novel by a young writer of much talent, Edna O'Brien—is that though it is a story about two young Irish girls and their growing-up life in Ireland, it doesn't badger you with dialect nor smother you with charm and bitter-sweet comedy. It is in fact mercifully unselfconscious about being an Irish Novel—which is something, like the Welsh Novel and the Deep South Novel, about which I am nervous and full of unfair prejudice.

The Country Girls is an odd book that hangs around in the mind some time after you've read it. It's not particularly profound, it makes no great pretensions, but it has a magic and a climate of its own. It does a difficult thing lightly and often beautifully—conveys the extraordinary, disturbing and brief moment of life between childhood and being more or less grown-up, the turning-point of innocence in two ordinary, pretty, fairly wild and extremely hopeful girls linked by the sort of competitive, armed, not-quite-trusting friendship which is also part of late childhood and adolescence.

The narrator, Caithleen, and her unbidable friend Baba leave home for convent school where all the girls eat desperately under the bedclothes ("Everyone seemed to be eating and crying for their mothers"), organize their own expulsion, and arrive in Dublin full of fearful zest to burn the town and see life. Miss O'Brien understands her complex yet transparent pair marvellously well, and one gets a memorable impression of two flickering, unformed, still unstable personalities, like moving figures seen through water—sly, sensual, pathetic, narcissist, sloppy, craving ice-buns and buying cheap bras-

sières to throw away when they get dirty, cheerfully amoral, impatient, afraid of missing something and briefly sad for what has already been lost.

The writing seems to me really remarkable, easy, fluid, intensely lively, with a lyrical sweetness that has an edge to it too. Miss O'Brien can jump from broad comedy to a sort of rainy sense of desolation in the space of a sentence, which makes this kind of writing perfect for her subject.

From the young in Ireland, if you can bear a breakneck jump, to the not-so-young-as-all-that in Venice, Cal. Anyone who is keen to know more about the Beats and their curious way of life should take a look at **The Holy Barbarians** by Lawrence Lipton, and I am still trying to puzzle out how *holy* crept into that fearsome title. Here are case histories, photographs, a nice handy glossary of words and idioms, the whole thing surging on for page after babbling page in a tone of purest pride and rapture. The holy barbarian, swinging like mad with the beat, is apparently in search of his "basic, original nature," and the square secretly envies him and says mean things about him on account of this mean hidden jealousy.

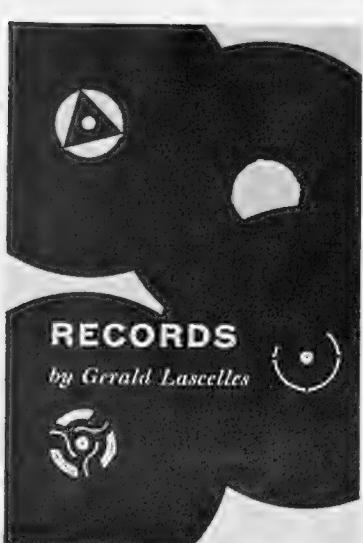
"Holy the groaning saxophone!
Holy the bop apocalypse!"

"Holy the jazzbands marijuana
hipsters peace and junk and drums!"

For several days after reading **The Holy Barbarians** I stopped kicking my telephone and have already started to build a small shrine round my spin-dryer.

There are two nice, soothing show-biz books for doddery oldies and squares in bath-chairs who burst into tears whenever anyone mentions the heartbreakingly nostalgic names of Fred Astaire and Leslie Howard. The Howard biography is by his daughter Leslie Ruth Howard and is called **A Quite Remarkable Father**. Mr. Howard emerges vague and bemused, bored to death with all that silly old acting, eternally boyish and fearfully worried about his health. He liked riding and spoiling the children, and I know little more about him after reading this formal and dutiful family portrait than I did before.

Steps In Time is Fred Astaire's autobiography, and the sadly-smiling hatchet-faced one writes in a brisk, clipped, no-nonsense manner that makes you feel, even after 320 pages, that he's being reticent to the point of taciturnity. It's all cheerful, businesslike, mildly amazed at all the fuss. Adèle dances in and out, the critics are kind, some of the old films do nicely on TV, and the Prince of Wales, faultlessly dressed, whizzes by making gracious remarks without a trace of pomp.



The Miller magic still works

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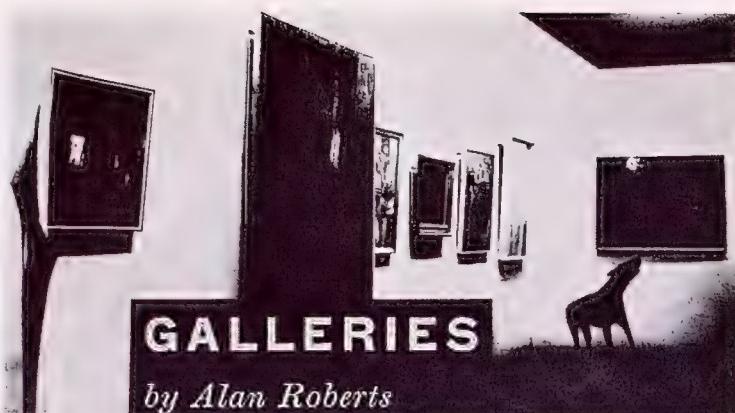
WHEN SOMEONE ASKS ME SUDDENLY, "What is the Summer Exhibition like this year?" I feel as lost for words as if a blind man had asked, "What is the world like?" And usually I reply, "Oh, much the same as ever."

In fact one year's show is much like the previous year's, and it is only when we compare the current exhibition with that of 10 years before that we become aware how much the dear old R.A. has changed.

The flower pieces of yesteryear are nearly all faded and gone. The mayors in scarlet robes have been ruthlessly decimated. Society hostesses willing to pay a thousand or two to be flattered mostly go elsewhere.

Slowly the time lag between what happens in the outside world of art and what happens inside the Academy is being diminished. In spite of Victorian echoes in Mr. Annigoni's *Portrait of Julie Andrews* and *The Witch*, and Mr. Norman Hepple's *Souvenirs de Millais*, *Effie* and *Child In A Sun-bonnet*, and in spite of the adherence, by some of the more ancient Academicians, to an Edwardian tradition that only death will sever, the general feeling of this year's show is not more than 20 years behind the times.

I do not mean by this that the good, solid, dull and uninspired craftsmanship that was once the stolid backbone of the exhibition has been replaced by the sort of thing that was considered *avant-garde* in 1940. (There are, incidentally, two almost identical abstract-



The R.A. catches on and catches up

tions by William Gear that might have been thought *avant-garde* in 1950). I mean simply that a quiet revolution has taken place whereby the Academy as a body, if not as individuals, has now caught up with the ideas and feelings that were prevalent in our art schools at the beginning of the war.

It is not so much a question of the content of the pictures as of the artists' attitude to and feeling for paint itself. There is a growing sense of joy and sensuality in the handling of the medium and the point has at last been reached where the apostles of the finish-is-more-important-than-feeling school are no longer dominant. Many of them still hang on, but they are now recognised as back numbers even on Private View Day.

(There is a parallel development evident among some of the younger sculptors, notably Sidney Harpley

and James Butler. Harpley's portrait head *Della Casket*, with its sensitivity and subtlety of forms, makes most of the things around it, including Epstein's *Princess Margaret*, seem hard and crude.)

Still the most painterly of the painters is Ruskin Spear whose position, far from being challenged by the garish excesses of John Bratby, has been confirmed by them. The shallowness of Bratby, who seems to think that quantity and quality of paint can be equated, is exposed in Gallery III where, by chance (it can never be anything else at the Academy), his slapdash *The Artist Pyrotechnically* is hung next to Spear's tremendously virile *Portrait of Harry Locke*.

In this same gallery hangs the "memorial" group of pictures by Sir Stanley Spencer whose rare vision and tremendous industry compensated for the dry quality of

his paint. Automatically, it seems, his mantel as the Academy's "religious" painter has fallen upon Carel Weight who again is showing a *Road to Calvary* in which the onlookers wear cloth caps and work-day suits and Christ himself is in blue-grey trousers and white boots.

Weight, who like Spear teaches at the Royal College of Art, is not so rare a bird as Spencer was but he has stronger feeling for the tactile qualities of the medium.

I have heard Norman Blamey, who last year showed a striking picture of Church ritual and exhibits two more canvases of similar subjects this year, referred to as a religious painter. But it seems to me that nothing could be further removed from religious feeling than the precise drawing, clever perspective and hard colour with which the artist has interpreted scenes that appear to have been viewed through a lens made of ice.

There are 1,521 exhibits this year, which is about 1,000 too many for my liking. But I do not remember any year in which there were more paintings I would have liked to take home with me (if the prices were right, which they weren't). There are Italian and Portuguese scenes by Hanna Weil, Druie Bowett's *Flowers No. 4*, Robert Hill's street scenes painted in a modified Bratby-manner, Lionel Bulmer's beautifully warm landscapes, Margaret Green's Degasque beach scenes and, best of all, Spear's *Local Flowers*, a gently satirical pub scene that Sickert would have been proud of.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

THE 18th century was an essentially practical period but it is difficult to realize now that

some of its loveliest works of art were purely utilitarian in origin. One of the objects of chandeliers, for example (and wall mirrors, apart from their Narcissus appeal) was to reflect and increase the lighting capacity of the candles which provided the only light in the huge rooms of the period. But as always in the 18th century, whatever was useful had also to be elegant and beautiful.

Cases in point are the two cut glass table candelabra shown (by courtesy of Messrs. W. G. T. Burne) which exemplify one of the most exquisite fantasies of the craftsman's creative imagination. They date from about 1780

(table candelabra were brought to perfection in the last quarter of the century) and are of Irish origin, cut from the finest quality dark-coloured glass. The faceted stem rises from a domed scalloped foot with the rare feature of a glass canopy just below the faceted cut receiver. Peardrops depend from the canopy and seven arms, notched-cut, spread out from the receiver. These are linked by slender tapering notched swags, each in turn hung with peardrops.

The two hinder arms are set in flayed open canopies in which are poised three-faced tapering spires. The central arm supports a finely cut finial from which rises the central spire supporting a domed canopy to match the domed foot. At the apex is a magnificent star ablaze with reflected light. Typically great care has been taken to

cover every metal joint with glass giving the effect of a piece entirely made of glass. Another typical feature is that the drops are not drilled and pinned but notched and wired with a small loop which hangs from the pin hook.

Such a pair are not of course within the reach of every purse at nearly £2,000, the price they fetched recently—it is sad to think, incidentally, that these fine examples of 18th-century art in glass will have left the country by the time this commentary is published. But for more modest collectors there are many to be had for less cost, especially those dating from the early 19th century. Remember that the first requirement is that all of the drops should be of knife-edged antique hand-ground glass with no replacements of the later "pressed" variety.



Raymond Fortt

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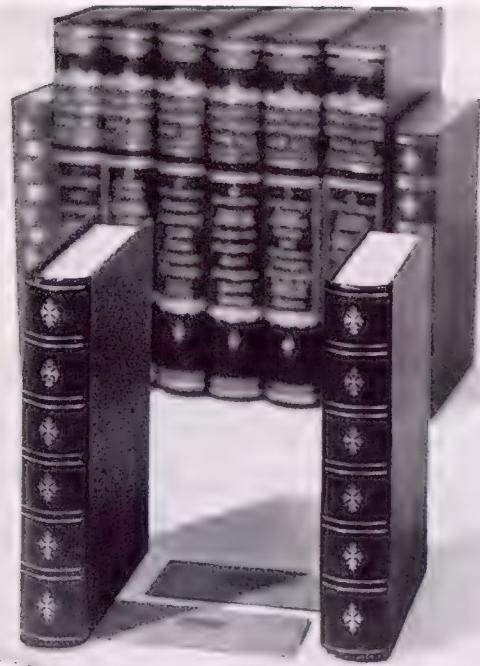
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Engagements



Vane
Miss Joanna Bridget Hoare to Mr. Peter William Radford. She is the daughter of Lt. Col. & Mrs. N. W. Hoare, of Overton, Hampshire. He is the elder twin son of Mr. & Mrs. W. V. Radford, of Blackhills, Esher, Surrey



Hay Wrightson
Miss Louise Hebblethwaite to Mr. Edward Hallinan. She is the daughter of the late Lt. S. F. W. Hebblethwaite, R.N., and of Mrs. W. D. O'Brien, of Bramham Gardens, S.W.5. He is the only son of Sir Eric & Lady Hallinan



Vaslav
Miss Carol Thomas to Mr. Bryan Collis. She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Thomas, of Pond Wood, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Collis, Maidenhead, Berks

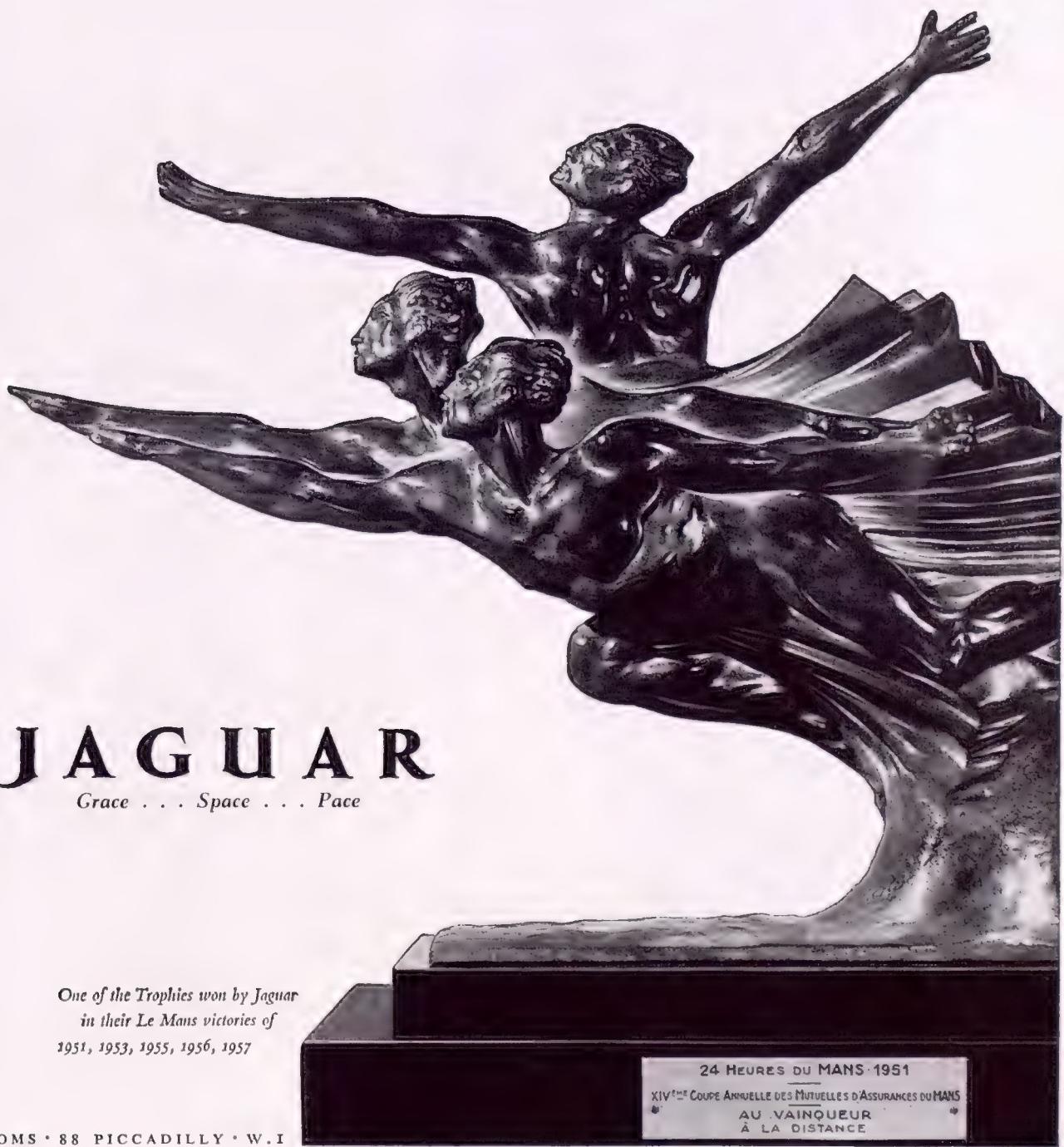


Madame Yevonde
Miss Christian Veronica Bevington to Mr. Frederick David Andrew Levitt. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. F. Bevington, of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Levitt, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire



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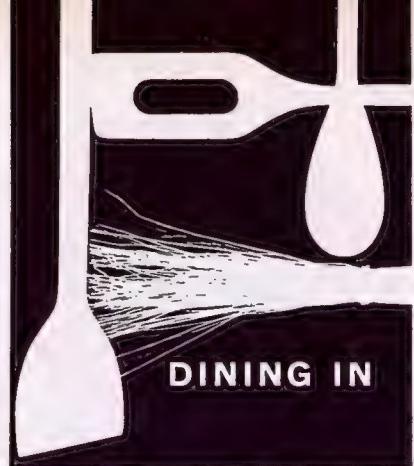




*...but everyone
has a 'double'
when it's
Vat 69*



**THE ONE SCOTCH
THAT STANDS OUT**



by HELEN BURKE

Home-bred cold cuts

LIVING SO NEAR FRANCE AND enjoying the various *Pâtés de Campagne* of the districts in which we spend our holidays, it is easy to forget our own excellent meat loaves and rolls. We are apt to regard them as being a little pedestrian, but they can be delicious and I can think of no better meat loaf, generally served cold, than the one we call Yorkshire Meat Loaf. Now that the warmer weather is at hand it is well worth a try.

For 6 to 7 servings, put 1 lb. lean stewing steak and $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. streaky bacon through the mincing-machine at the same time. Add 4 oz. fine breadcrumbs, season to taste with salt, freshly milled pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg or, as some people prefer, a pinch of Cayenne. Mix well together and bind with 2 beaten eggs. Pack the mixture into a buttered mould or basin, cover and steam for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

North country folk shape the mixture into a roll, place it on a cloth wrung out of hot water and floured, tie it up well and either boil or steam it. They claim that the loaf is then "as different as can be." I agree.

Whatever way the loaf or roll is cooked, finish by rolling it in fine golden brown breadcrumbs—not those bought ready-made, but bread baked to this tone and then rolled out.

Jellied thick flank of beef is another very simple dish, but so good that most people like it better than expensive tongue.

The following quantities are enough for two meals for 5 to 6 persons.

Start with a 3-lb. piece of boned lean flank. The butcher will bone, roll and tie it for you. Place the bones in a pot or casserole and put the meat on top of them. See that the vessel is one in which the meat fits pretty closely so that little water is required—say, a breakfast cup. Add 1 teaspoon salt, and a good $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon freshly milled pepper. Cover tightly.

This dish is best when cooked in the oven but, first, start it on top of the cooker. Bring it to a good simmer then transfer it to the oven at 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 $\frac{1}{2}$.

and give it 3 hours. Do not let the heat rise so that you can smell the cooking.

To mould it remove the string and force the meat, still in rolled form, into a straight-sided bowl or an aluminium cake tin, either of which is almost too small. Stand the dish on a soup plate and pour the stock into it, almost to overflowing. Place a sufficiently weighted plate on top to press the meat into a good firm round and leave in a cold place until next day. It can be stored in the refrigerator, but let it become cold first. Turn out when required, cut into thin slices, serve the meat with a green salad, and see how good it is!

Any stock which is not used should be poured into a small bowl and, when cold, stored in the refrigerator to jell. Scrape off the fat, chop the jelly and strew it over the sliced beef.

Leg beef is all that almost my favourite plain meat dish is ever called and I might as well tell you of it now because it is cooked in the same way with meat cut from the hind leg (not shin beef). Well wash a piece of 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb., cut it into long slender strips and then into inch-sized squares. There is never much fat on the meat, so do not discard what there is. Use the gristle, too, it will eventually become like jelly.

Place the meat in an iron casserole and add salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Add cold water to cover the meat for at least an inch. Put on the lid and start the cooking on top of the stove, as for the jellied flank. Next, place the casserole in the oven at 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 and give it 4 hours, not a minute less. The meat will melt in the mouth and the stock will be amber clear.

To begin with, I always serve leg beef hot with potatoes, rice or spaghetti. I pour the remainder of the meat and its stock into individual moulds and, when cold, put them into the refrigerator to be enjoyed a day or so later with salad.

This is the sort of food that folk who have tired of ordinary meat will find so refreshing. It has no outside flavouring—not even an onion.

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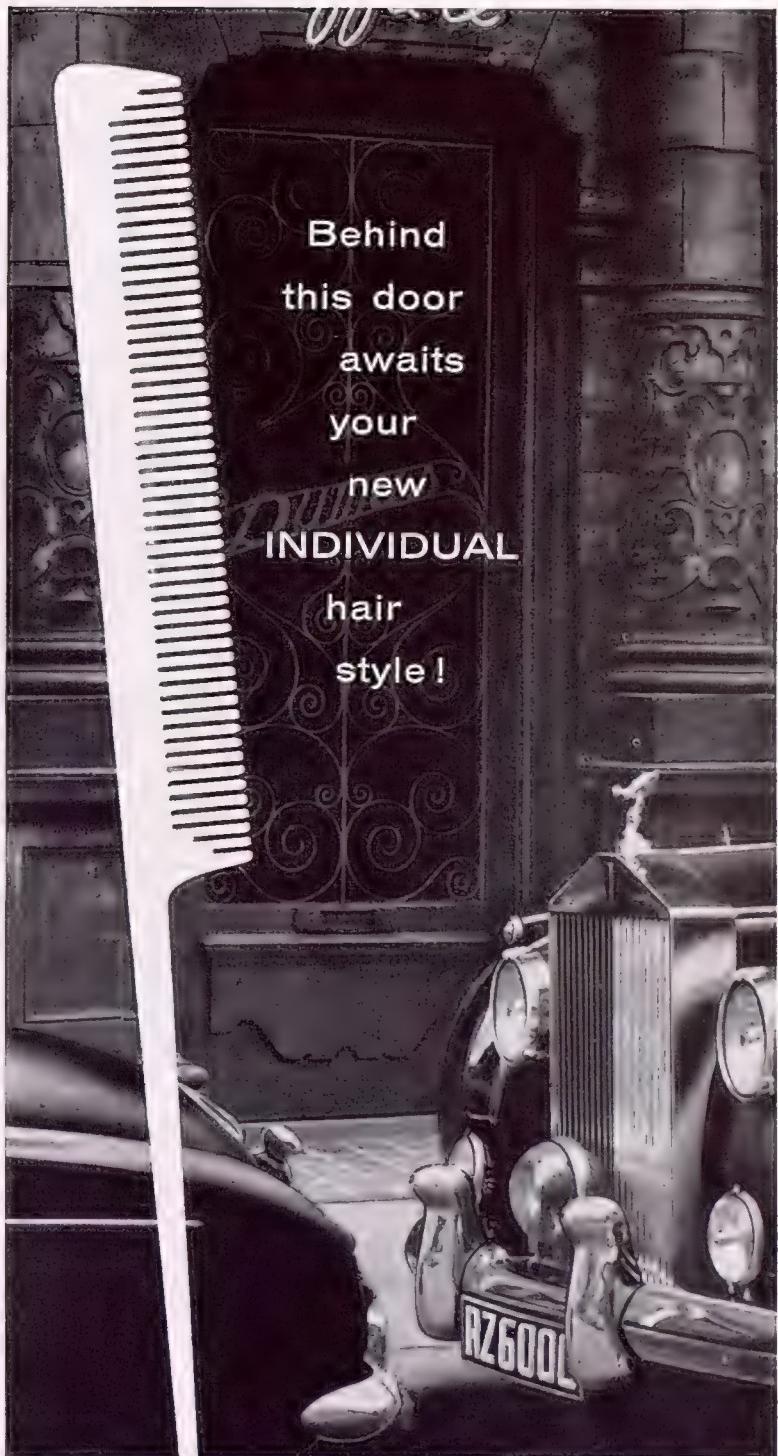
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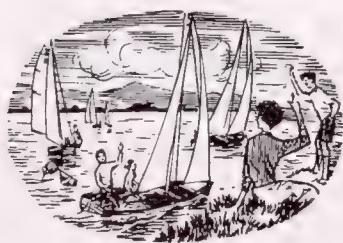
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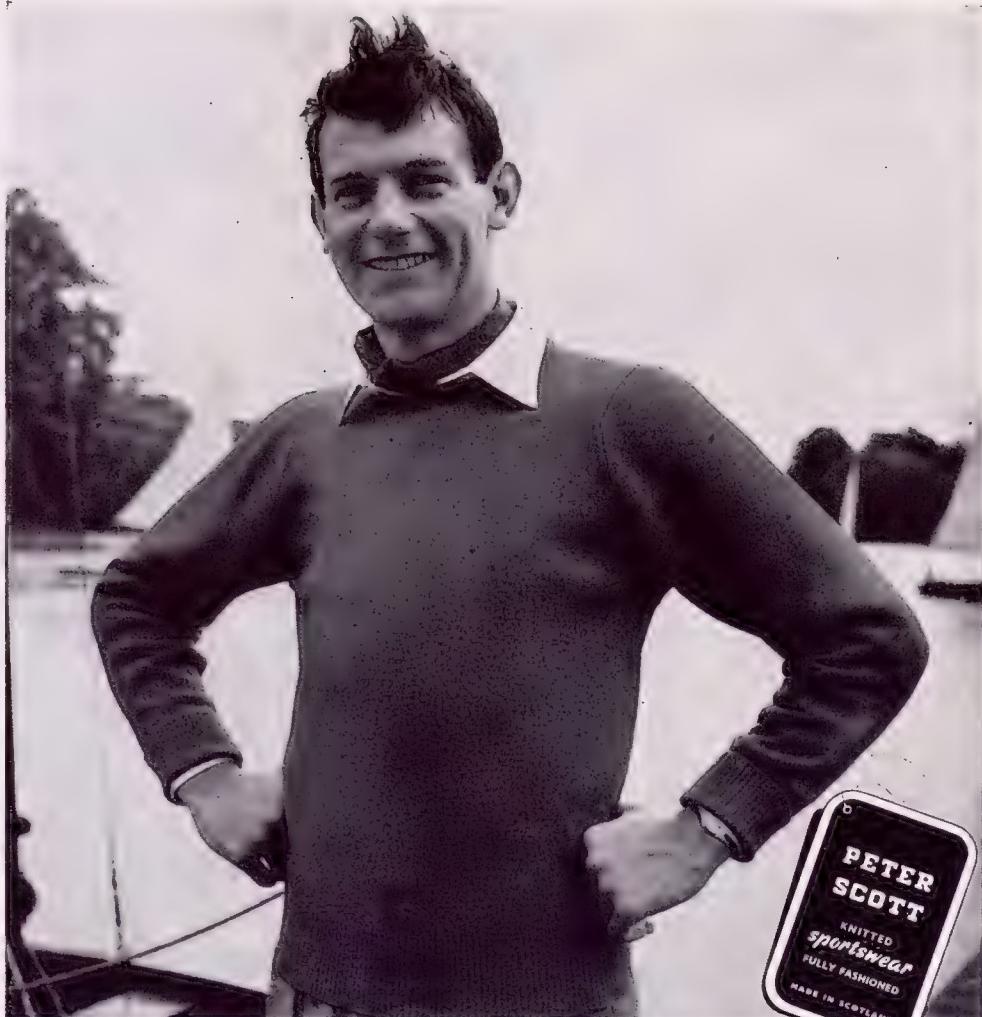
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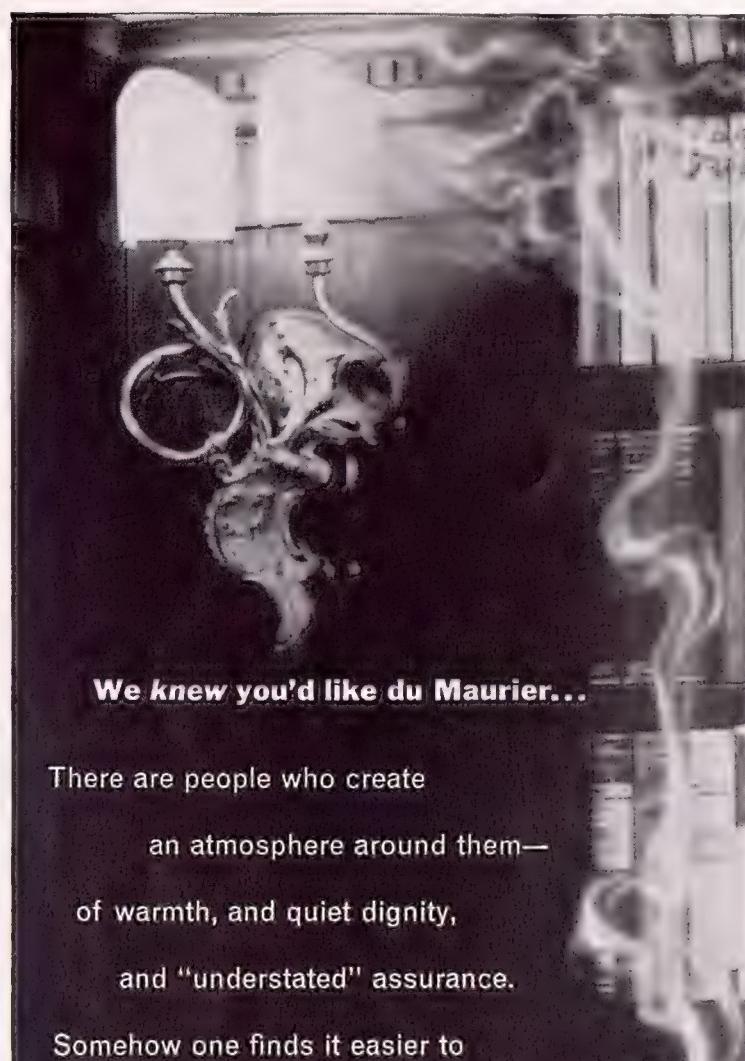
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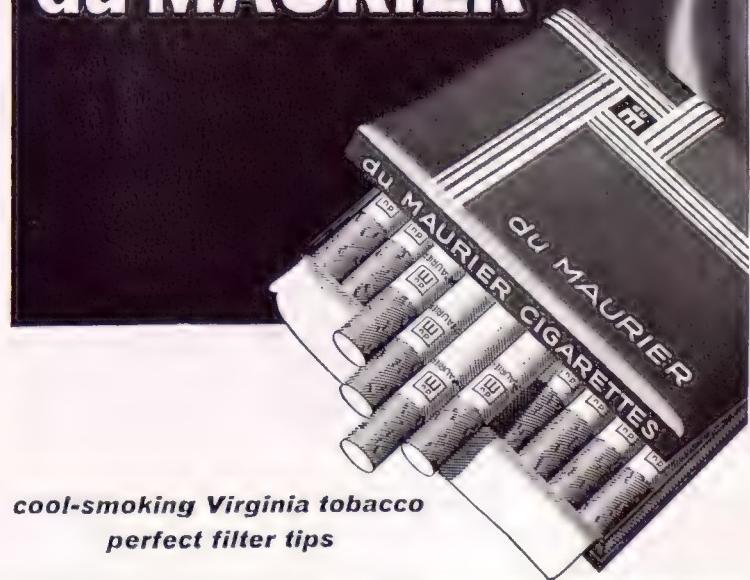
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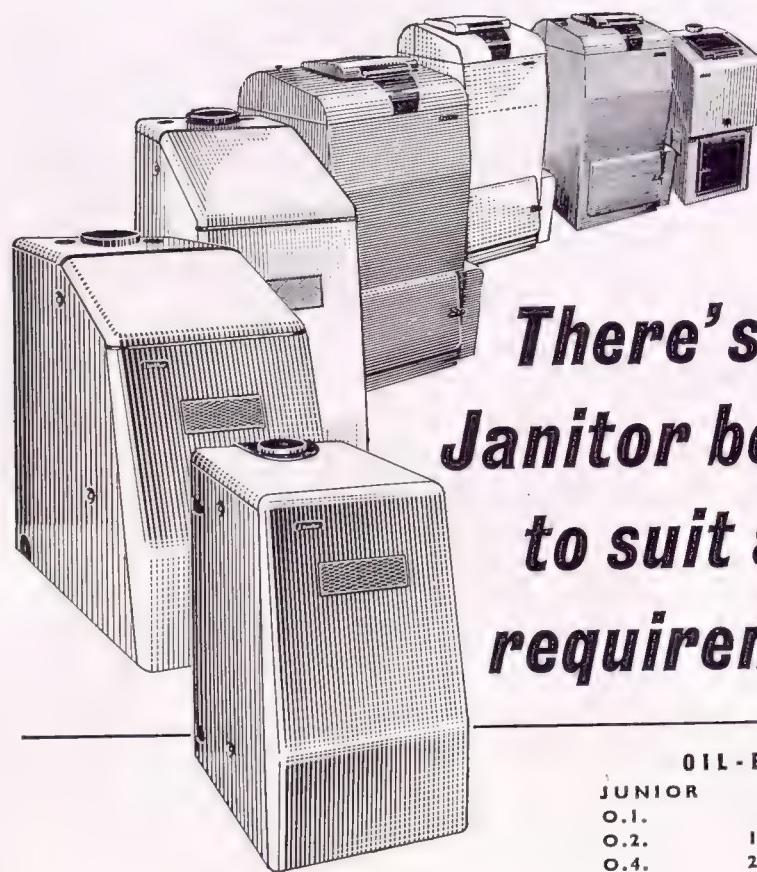
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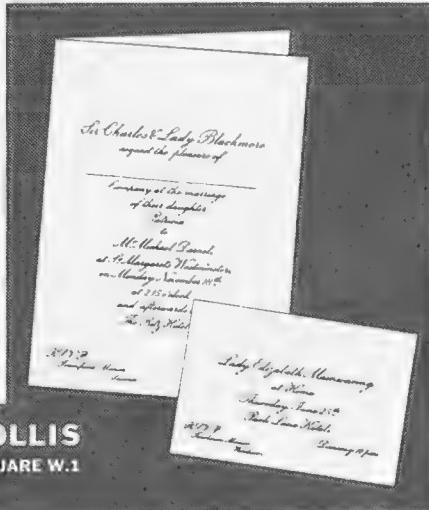
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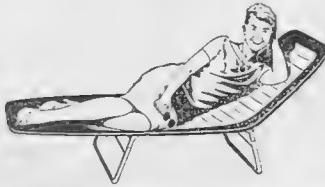
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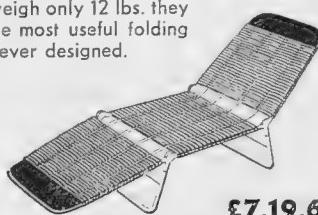
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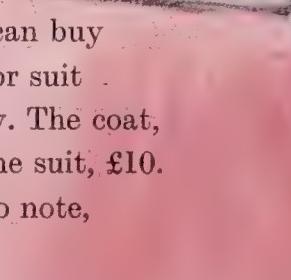
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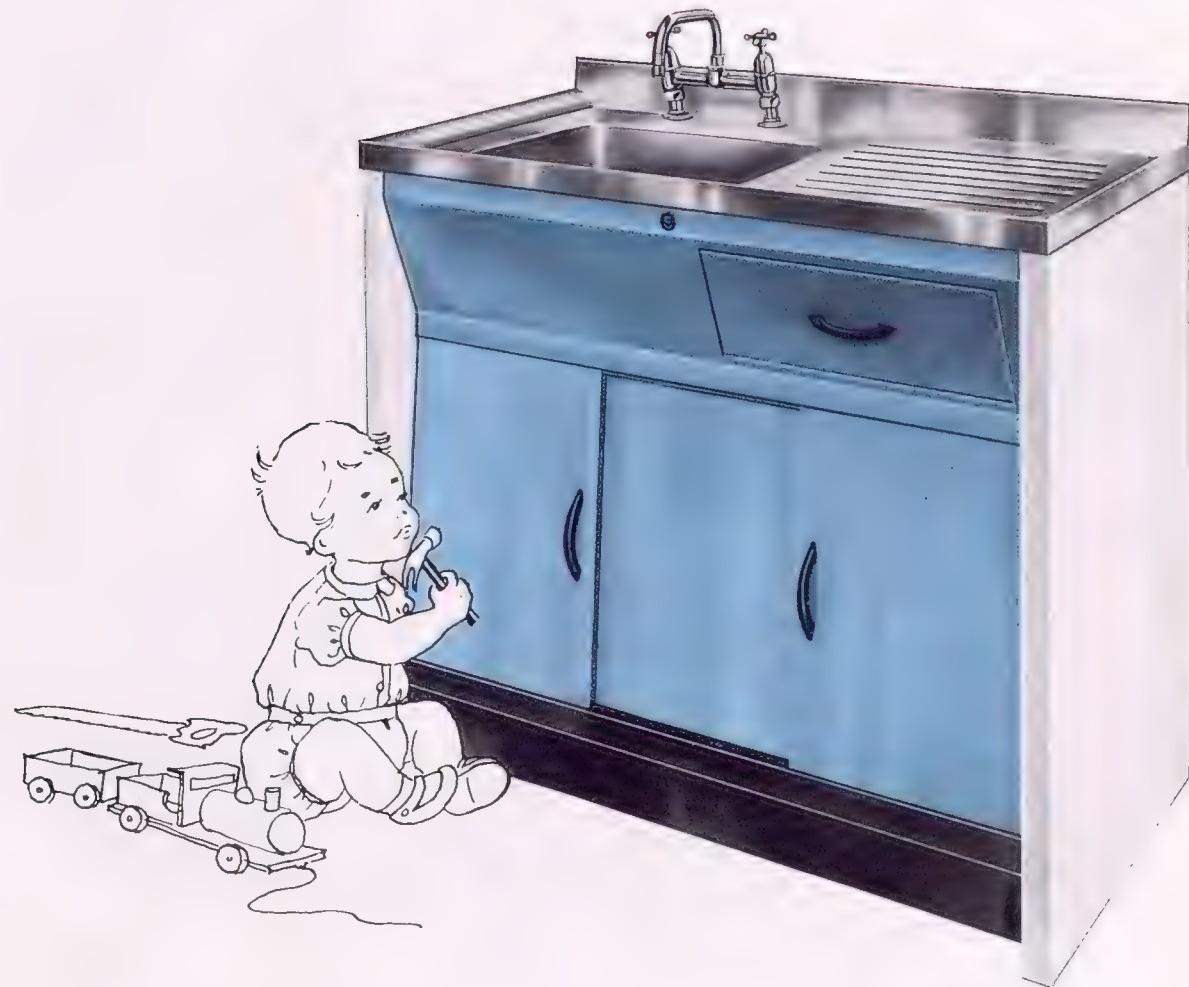
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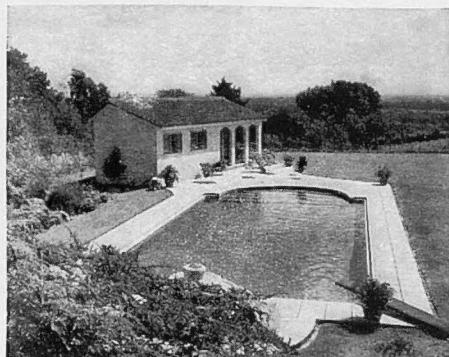
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